

INSIDE: George Orwell's Year—A Special Report

Maclean's

JANUARY 9, 1984

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE FIRST LADY

**Governor General
Jeanne Sauvé**





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COVER

The First Lady

The stylish, bilingual Jeanne Sauvé, Canada's first female governor general, is a superb hostess and a mature, dignified public figure. She will bring grace and refinement to Rideau Hall. The Liberal MP and controversial Speaker of the House of Commons has already achieved many firsts in her career, and the vice-regal role seems very fitting. — *Page 8*

COVER PHOTO BY ANDREW ARNOLD (LEFT, RIGHT)



Pardon in a prison cell

In a symbolic act of forgiveness, Pope John Paul II visited his would-be assassin, Al Ayres, in jail, calling him "a brother in whom I have total trust." — *Page 25*



Programs for thinking kids

Rejecting the notion of television sets as tranquillizers, CBC TV's children's department has plunged into the real world of kids and their growing pains. — *Page 40*



That year is here

Nineteen Ninety-Four, George Orwell's first novel of totalitarian horror, still provides a lesson for an anxious world. Musil's comes to a special report. — *Page 26*



Waiting for Andropov

The 45-year-old Soviet leader missed two key meetings in Moscow amid official denials that he was suffering from the after-effects of a kidney transplant. — *Page 27*

CONTENTS

Art	28
Books	48
Business/Economy	21
Canada/Cover	8
Editorial	2
Fish	45
Gordon	7
Law	25
Letters	4
Newman	23
Passages	6
People	24
Religion	25
Special Report/1994	26
Television	40
World	16

Tory concerns

The provision of "highlight equipment" and "highlight training" for the Canadian forces is a "highlight" goal (a government in waiting, Q&A, Dec. 12). The others Opposition Leader Brian Mulroney mentioned are questionable at best. Instead of looking at "pay and the grade that comes from distinctive uniforms and traditions," I suggest that he would be better advised to consider such things as the impact of members of the armed forces becoming "mass givers." He should also look at the impact of professionalism in the armed forces: professional doctors, dentists and lawyers were acceptable. We now have professional pilots, engineers, legislators, artillerymen and administrators but very few professional "soldiers, sailors or airmen" as such. And, lastly, he might want to consider the impact of the above subsidies in changing military service from a "way of life" to a "career." Professionalism and integration have been the whipping boys for too long. I would not like to see the next prime minister taken in by the "small" conservatism that has focused its attention on their impact on service people and pride to the exclusion of all other factors.

—DONALD A. PETERS,
Ottawa



Mulroney: better not be sick or poor

confirmed what I have always believed about Conservatives, their leaders and would-be leaders. Mulroney said "Mulroney did a good job for the shareholders. But he did not do such a good job for Canada." Is that not exactly what Prime Minister Trudeau emphasized in his reply to Mulroney in the recent three speech debate? In effect, he was saying to the people of Canada, "If you change to a Conservative government you had better not be unemployed, sick or poor."

—HELEN E. LEE
Scarborough, Ont.

A walking contradiction

In reading the special report Trudeau's peace crusade (Cover, Dec. 5) I was haunted by the question that Trudeau, the walking contradiction, poses. In view of his so-called "peace crusade" and the fact that as prime minister of Canada he will be allowing the United States to test cruise missiles in Canada, is he a hypocrite or is he a pawn of President Ronald Reagan? While there are cruises on this planet that are capable of such atrocities as Pearl Harbor, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, I agree we need a penicillin to avert global annihilation. But he or the next be neutral and possess a high degree of moral fibre.

—EDUCORANGE,
Prince George, B.C.

Art and an angry taxpayer

For once in my life I wish I were an employee of the revenue department (Angry artists against the tax man, The Arts, Dec. 16). I would have loved to send artist Tani Olay a box of matches. Who does he and the group think they are? I am a pensioner and have fought a war to keep these people safe and comfortable. Even so, I have to pay my share of taxes, based on my pension,

PASSAGES

DECEASED: Joan Miró, 94, the Spanish modernist painter and one of the century's greatest painters, of heart disease, in Najera (page 38).

APPOINTED: Controls Minister Fawcett, 53, one of Canada's most renowned open singers, as chairman of the Canada Council, by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, in Ottawa.

REFLECTED: Yasuhiro Nakasone, 52, as prime minister of Japan. Nakasone's Liberal Democratic Party suffered heavily in last month's elections, putting his own survival in doubt. Yet he managed to cling on by clever distribution of portfolios and favours among the LDP's rival factions.

MARRIED: Princess Caroline of Monaco, 36, and Italian businessman Stefano Casiraghi, 33, in a small civil ceremony in Monte Carlo.

REVEALED: The marriage of actress Loretta Switt, 45, who played Margaret (Hot Lips) Hodges on the television series *M*A*S*H*, to actor Donald Hays, 41, whom she met a year ago while filming an episode of the program.

BORN: William Desmarret, 51, the character actor who played the retired sailor, Uncle Charley O'Casey, on the television series *My Three Sons* from 1965 to 1972, of a heart attack, in Palm Springs, Calif. Desmarret also appeared in the first talking picture, *The Jazz Singer* (1927), with Al Jolson.

DIED: Donald Wilson, 39, the drummer for The Beach Boys, in a diving accident in the ocean off Marina del Rey, Calif. Former U.S. secretary of the Interior James Watt condemned the north's song rock group as "unwholesome" during a July Fourth Washington, D.C., celebration. Sixteen days later First Lady Nancy Reagan called them "fine, outstanding people."

DIED: Violet Carson, 85, who played Eva Sharples in the popular British television series *Coronation Street*, in Haslemere, England. Carson played Sharples from the program's beginning in 1960 until February, 1984.

CHARGED: Henry Wells, 51, former star shortstop for the Los Angeles Dodgers and the National League's Most Valuable Player in 1932, for grand theft (auto) and possession of cocaine, in Los Angeles (the theft charge was later dropped). Wells, traded to the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1936, played for the Montreal Expos in 1968, then returned to the Dodgers and retiring in 1972.

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just as they have to pay theirs on the same basis. I suppose that I should, in their opinion, dig a little deeper to pay off some more so they could go along or government grants out of my tax dollars and still avoid their just responsibilities. If Galey really has the guts to back his so-called art, give me his address, and I will willingly send along the matches.

—J. BODICK
Winthrop

Keeping a wary Liberal eye

If CTV did indeed lose reporter Brian Nelson for reading an Abu Dhabi news report that talked of "the Secret society" and "that terrorist" Shmoo (People, Dec. 18), then the parishioner hardly seems to fit the crime. After all, saying "Secret society" rather than "the 'Secret'" can be distinctly adrenergic, but it is not inciteful. Israel is a self-proclaimed Zionist state. Then, too, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin was a member of the Stern Gang during the 1940s. We only need to turn to the old news reports about the massacre of civilians at Deir Yassin and elsewhere to know that the Stern Gang was one of the most vicious terrorist groups the modern world has produced. Calling Shmoo a terrorist is therefore as justified as calling PLO leader Yasser Arafat a terrorist (and nobody seems to mind that). Furthermore, if CTV did make its decision "with a wary eye on domestic Jewish opinion," as you suggest, then I would like to suggest that "domestic Jewish" attachment to Israel (which is, as we tend to forget, a foreign state) is exerting too great an influence on the conduct of affairs in a Canadian TV network. —NORMAN F. COHEN
London, Ont.

Amiel's rule of law

Barbara Amiel's Dec. 18 column, *Age and the letter of the law*, was as fine an editorial as one is likely to read in a very long while. Her logic is indisputable, and it is clear that she performed the necessary research, which is more than can be said for the bulk of the press coverage on the subject. No doubt Amiel will be attacked by her usual assailants for the position she has taken, but their shrill, emotional arguments simply will not influence anyone who believes in the rule of law and the credo that a person charged with an offence has the right to be innocent until proven guilty in a court of law. —P. K. ABEL
Glencoeville, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Editors should supply name, address and phone number. When correspondence for this column is edited, readers' names will appear in the Editor's column. Senders of letters, please include a return address. Senders of letters, please include a return address. Senders of letters, please include a return address.

COLUMN

Big Brother has not arrived

By Charles Gordon

I have been a new experience for Canadians, worrying about becoming characters in a book. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is the name of a novel in which totalitarianism occurs on a grand, mechanistic and futuristic scale. It is also the name of this year. You can't make a coincidence like that past the Canadian media.

Given their choice, Canadians would prefer not to be in this particular book. They would like it better if the year was called something else—such as *Wine-and-Pepper-and-Devil's* Illustrated Guide to the Canadian Establishment. But they can't name years that way, and we are stuck with 1984. Some people have been seeing *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in staffs everywhere. They worry about the TV cameras that scan department stores and has terminals for signs of unethical activity. They worry about television, particularly the two-way way featured in some computer systems.

But face it. *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, the book, isn't here, even if 1984, the year, is. All Big Brother has done, despite the wealth of technology at his, is to let us know that he is out there, watching. We are still free people. We can still paper airplanes around the living room without anyone being the wiser. And we can throw out the government every four years or so.

Why has *Nineteen Eighty-Four* failed to arrive on shelves? One answer may be a lack of will on the part of our rulers. It may be because they're actually lazy. It's hard for a government to find the time to rewrite history when it has a million press releases to crank out. It's hard for a government to run a good, solid library of Truth when it has to keep shuffling the cabinet with an eye to regional representation.

The government isn't up to it, either words. Nor, it could be argued, are other of the nation's institutions, which of late act in a quippy way. The city of Montreal, upon announcing something called the *Denver Book* last year to the nation, made of people who had accumulated too many parking tickets. The *Denver Book* is a big yellow thing that clamps onto a wheel, thus restraining the automobile less useful than it would otherwise be. A court recently decided that the *Denver Book* was an unconstitutional violation of due process. When courts declare yellow books of motel accommo-

national, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is still a few years from the reality.

Another thing that happened in the *Denver Book* is that people stole some of things. One would not condone stealing, but it is a sign of an independent spirit. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* works only in a nation of ideologues. There have been suggestions we are approaching that.

A *New York Times* article, based to some extent on the false allegation that pedestrians in Ottawa, do not cross against the light, made much of our eagerness to follow instructions. "Order is accepted as a higher virtue than freedom, security as a greater loss than liberty," the *Times* said of us.

The year just past would not support that. There have been many wonderful instances of freedom. The last part of Canadians, and innocence is a condition with which *Nineteen Eighty-Four* cannot coexist.

"It is hard for a government to find time to rewrite history when it has a million press releases to crank out"

Just a group of young people set up tents on Parliament Hill and declared themselves a peace camp. Late in a cold April their intention was to end the law. The protest of the peace camps called article 51(1) of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, with regard to freedom of expression. "Not only are our tents needed to stave off the inclement weather," a spokesman said, "they are also a means of expression."

After Langstaff arrived at the past office was so widespread that Canada Post itself compiled to write a letter to the Globe and Mail. We expect a national quip. Canada Post said, "but excessive 'post office backing' undermines the real progress we have made."

After Winnipeg fell the bus was to end all stations. "We must have gone through 300,000 L and lost 400,000," a gas station official said. "It was worth it," he said. "You can't let a competitor dictate your pricing policy."

Don Pigeon, a US magazine, held seminars in Toronto for a special Canadian edition. Hyman said that among them a Canadian who said, "If I could become a member of even one of the gangs that'll be chosen, I could work

anywhere I want in the States." Also present were some other members of the press, at least three newspapers, misquoting as headlines to Get That Story. This demonstrates another reason why *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, the book, is a long way off. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is a long way off. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is a long way off. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is a long way off.

The press is only one of the many Canadian institutions to demonstrate the contempt for rationality that will exist on all to arrive early 1985. The *Major* bureaucracy dreamed up a totally incomprehensible wording for municipal referendums on French-language rights and arranged things in such a way that those in favor of increased rights would have to vote no.

The Ontario bureaucracy produced a letter to the clerk of the village of Wardville (population 680), inquiring as to the state of the Arts (the letter explained 20 in the village, how they were regarded, how they were funded. The clerk replied, "We are pleased to advise that we have four Art Harold, Art Morgan, Art Mario, Art Sweet." The clerk continued, "They are all extremely well regarded in the community. They are mostly famous by the name of the nearby penitents and Canada position."

The clerk of the Corporation of the Village of Wardville will not fit into *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Nor will many of our other officials. Institutions are the only ones who will survive the technology may be overruled.

Does Post TV, left by many to be a harbinger of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, failed to sell like his books in 1983. One major carrier, C-Channel, disappeared. "Unfortunately, our marketing plans misinterpreted," explained an official. "We're attempting to sell our service to these very homes who tend not to watch TV and are proud of it."

There was a lot of the last word on electronic eavesdropping: came from a National Archives official in Washington, commenting on the thousands of hours of previously unclassified secret Nixon White House tapes. "Two thousand of those hours are extraordinary sounds—vacuum cleaners, television sets, that kind of thing—because it was a sound-activated system."

Big Brother, if he, or she, exists, has his work cut out for him, or her. As for the rest of us, only six weeks until 1985.

Charles Gordon is a columnist for the Ottawa Citizen.



THE FIRST LADY

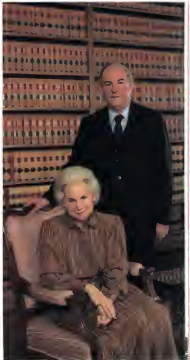
By Carol Goss

Everything about the appointment of Jeanne Sauvé as the country's 23rd governor general was wrong—except the candidate. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau failed to inform his cabinet of the plan, neglected to tell his enemies, and waited until Parliament was deserted for Christmas to elevate his old friend and Liberal colleague as the Queen's representative. But the elegant Commons Speaker was so indisputably right for the role that all she had to do was grin and smile. "What job could be better?" and the irregularities of the appointment were forgotten. Already she had charmed most Canadians and salvaged a potentially awkward situation with style.

The appointment of a woman broke 134 years of tradition. And yet Jeanne Mathilde Sauvé, 61, was one of the most comfortably traditional choice Trudeaus could have made. She is bilingual, a superb hostess and a mature, dignified public figure like is expected to replace grace and refinement to Governor General after five years of Edward Schreyer's earnest Prairie persona and lackluster reign (page 11). When Quebec Liberal MP Pierre Dugès learned of her promotion, his first thought was to send a telegram wishing, "I am glad you are appointed because now I can start going to the Governor General's parties again." Indeed, the social pulse of the entire capital seemed to quicken. In a world of pinning princesses and movie-star presidents, Canada had decided to try a little glamour.

Pleasant. For his part, Schreyer was audibly reflective as he prepared to leave the office he never quite fitted. In a poignant parting confession in his *New Year's* message on Sunday, he told his many critics that they had done him a favour. "It is good treatment—preventive medicine really—against an enlarged ego—if not applied too often," he said. It was a fitting epitaph for five years of almost constant complaints about his lack of polish, his unconvincingly dull speaking style, his unapologetic friends and his young, high-spirited family. And it was to assert that the end of his term on Jan. 22 meant relief and release.

For Sauvé, by contrast, reentering a \$45,000-a-year role as Governor General, Commander-in-Chief and Chancellor of the Order of Canada, the



future promised serenity and sparkle. "It was a great Christmas present," she told Maurice's last week. "It is not an end—it is just an evolution in my career." That earlier word was one of Quebec's most vigorous union organizers when she was in her early 30s, one of the province's most highly respected leaders in her 40s, a federal cabinet minister at the age of 50 and most recently Commons Speaker, the chief referee in charge of the stormy 22nd Parliament. The new job, with its high profile, elegance and corporate figurehead functions, would be an unequivocal crowning accomplishment. As Sauvé put it, "There are times in one's life when it is not bad to stop being passionate and controversial and enjoy a sense of serenity."

Sauvé plans to travel extensively, territorial when "it has been a long time" (with the whole country to Rideau Hall) and offer Canadians "a person they can look up to for moral guidance." But, according to Sauvé's friends, her chief contribution to the national conscience will be the aura of sophistication and good taste she will bring to the upper echelons of Ottawa. She insists "a certain cauter" in any home she lives in, and Sauvé's language accomplishments, author and journalist Solange Chapoy-Belland "Being elegant was always very important for her." And it shows—from her impeccably polished fingertips to the specially designed dresses she has made for her by a Montreal couturier. Explaining Sauvé's ease as a hostess, her 12-year-old son-in-law in Montreal, Clive Bertrand, wife of one of Montreal's most prominent entrepreneurs, said, "Part of her success might be because she always seems comfortable with herself."

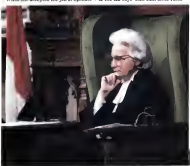
Spotlight. Sauvé believes that she will also be comfortable in the viceregal role both she and her husband, Maurice, a former Liberal cabinet minister and now an influential business consultant, enjoy the spotlight. In Montreal, members of the francophone establishment coast invitations to their intimate dinner parties. Even the grandeur of Rideau Hall will suit a woman whose own home is a showplace for Canadian art and antiques. And she will have plenty of family support. Friends of Maurice Sauvé say that he will have few problems adjusting to life as supporting player. When she became Speaker, he accompanied her as almost all her international travels. One cabinet minister who was on a number of those trips said, "He was quite content just to be there and go off with the spouses. There was absolutely no jealousy." Sauvé has already said that at least one room in Rideau Hall will be set aside for her visiting son, Jean François, a management trainee in a Toronto bank.

The appointment put an end to 3½ difficult years for Sauvé. By her own admission she never saw a fighter as a student feminist and she learned during her term as the first woman Speaker of the Commons that charm and a winning smile were not enough to discipline ill-will away. "The hostility was not pleasant—I was not used to it," she said last week. "It is a very lonely job in the sense that you cannot fraternize too much with the members and you do not go to caucus or political meetings." She used to spend hours alone at night in her tiny upstairs, just off the Commons chamber, rereading her thoughts in a diary that she may some day publish. "You grow to live without friendship and hope it will come back when your term is over," Sauvé said.

When she accepted the job of Speaker

kept in mind," she insisted. "The House goes into a mood, the House gets itself out of that mood." The Liberals and Conservatives eventually did resolve their standoff, but the incident left Sauvé's reputation tarnished and her confidence shaken. "To this day she finds it painful to talk about the episode. 'I was happy when it ended, but there was no way I could be triumphant,' she said.

Midnight. Most parliamentarians saw new Sauvé's performance as Speaker with the cherry of hindsight. She showed as much impartiality as anyone could be expected to muster, and New Democratic Party House Leader Ian Stewart, one of her harshest critics in earlier days. David Collette, Liberal minister of state for multiculturalism—and a self-described "member of the old boys' club that loves rules"—



Sauvé with husband, Maurice (left), and in Speaker's chair (left) glower

as Feb. 25, 1980, a confident Sauvé told reporters, "I feel absolutely great. The job is fantastic." But that euphoria rapidly evaporated once she was in the Speaker's chair. She chronically forgot members' names, raised up their rudiments and neglected to recognize backbenchers for weeks on end. Her lowest point came in March, 1982, when the House remained paralysed for 15 days over the issue of the unconstitutionality of a massive Liberal energy bill. As the deadlock turned from a curiosity to a crisis and the parliamentary bells rang for the long-delayed vote, there grew growing demands for Sauvé to resign the order the members back to their seats. She refused. "There is an important principle that one has to

admitted that Sauvé's lack of control frustrated him at first. "I felt that she should have been more of an intervenor, not just a referee," he said. "I respect her but I don't like her to take a lot of rough stuff." And one of Sauvé's own staff members privately admitted "She was the pin, although she got stuck between the staff. Her real problem was that she had never been a back-bencher. She still does not know procedures." Sauvé graciously agreed "I am still learning—or I was."

At the same time, the outgoing Speaker had her small victories. She cleaned up the corruption-ridden administration of the House, clamping down on the petty thievery and nepotism that had run rampant among some

Canadian staffers for years. The wedding had surprised at first, as the family insisted the bride of "marrying the House" stand 800—three suitcases to national debating conditions." And after about a year on the job, she began to acquire a keen sense of timing, knowing when to let members vent their anger and when to clamp down. "It was often my willpower against the House's," she recalled. "You learn about the strength you need to have your head."

As governor general she will be able to replace that hard-won tenacity with tact and trade in her willpower for smooth. Nothing would wait her better. The evenings alone with her diary will give way to lavish parties, concerts and receptions. Instead of a two-room apartment in the Parliament Buildings, she will be the mistress of an 86-acre compound with woods, a park, a skating rink, jogging slide, cricket field, tennis courts and three greenhouses. She will have a staff of 96, a budget of \$4.8 million and a secondary residence inside The Citadel in Quebec City.

Freedom! It is a far cry from the small house on First Street in the tiny Saskatchewan town of Pelly/Bonanza (pop. 230), 30 miles northwest of Saskatoon, where Jeanne Boivin's life began on April 26, 1922. Her father, Charles, an Ottawa contractor, had taken his young family to the remote French-Ukrainian town of Saur's birth in the 1920s to build churches, seamstries and private homes for the few who could afford them. But Saur's, whose middle name, Mathilde, honors the midwife who brought her into the world, has few memories of his Prairie beginnings. The family moved back to Ottawa when she was 3.

Saur's grew up in a rambling brick house in Ottawa and attended Notre Dame de Rouville Convent, a school run by the Grey Nuns. "I was always at the top of my class," she recalls. "After truth is I do not ever remember being second at school." In her teens and early 30s she devoted much of her time to the Jesuites Érudites Catholiques (Young Catholic Students), a group of restless young people known as "Austrians" by the Dominicans for their stiff views and penchant for change. In 1948



Saur's with Prince Charles and Diana during 1982 tour, royal coat of arms

she moved to Montreal to become national president of the organization. After living in a largely Anglophone city, she suddenly seemed wonderful. Said Saur's: "It was like freedom to me—music in French, my language spoken everywhere, no more feelings of rejection. I felt as though I had come home." She quickly found herself in stimulating company. Marc Lévesque and Oliver Picoté—the current finance minister and ambassador to the United Nations respectively—were associated with her

Jean-François Saur's, a room at Saur's



group. So was Claude Ryan, later to become publisher of *Le Devoir* and Québec Liberal leader. Pierre Trudeau was not a member, but Saur's believes she met him at one of their gatherings.

Independents. Another young man in the group also caught her attention—her future husband. Maurice Saur's was then a 26-year-old economist who liked self-study. He was a quiet, somewhat serious, and a somewhat (he is of German and Austrian descent), Saur's was going to watch the wheels from the family office residence, substitute progress for politics in a formal reception, and give the crumbling aristocratic institutions with the touch of ordinary humanity. He promised to add punch to the usually bland speech—particularly those on energy and national unity. But as the Saur'ses prepared to make way for the Bourne this month, Rides Hall remains strikingly intact. Saur's 1984 New Year's message on Radio-Canada was predictably banal. And on the eve of his departure, Canada's Governor General treated a sign of relief that could be read in the fourth. Said former Saur's aide and confidant René Charlier: "The only person happier than Jeanne Saur's right now is Ed Shear."

When the Saur'ses came back to Montreal in 1953, they worked as union organizers—Maurice as technical adviser to the Canadian Federation of Labour and Jeanne as a volunteer adviser. But she soon joined the CBC and became a broadcaster. Saur's worked as an interviewer, journalist and commentator in both English and French and appeared regularly on high-profile public affairs programs. Said Ottawa columnist Charles Lynch: "As a journalist, she was one of the best in the country—she was so alive."

Meanwhile, Saur's husband had launched a career in federal politics. He was elected as a Liberal MP for the wide-river Grand River riding of St.-Eustache in 1962 and became minister of forestry two years later. Her husband's years in federal politics were difficult ones for Saur's. Thus the mother of a young son (Jean-François was born late in her 30s, when she was 37), she used to build his playpen—writing her scripts, then rush out to the studio and the Canadian Institute of Public Affairs, where she was an executive member. Much of her energies went to pay for his life. But the most troubling aspect of her life was attempting to convince her employers that she was im-

Schreyer's uneasy reign at the top

Ed and Lily Schreyer, their four children and Reggie, the vice-president, all moved into Rides Hall five years ago amid great expectations. At 61, Schreyer was the youngest governor general in modern times. In a weak-currency, a social democracy, and a narrow (he is of German and Austrian descent), Schreyer was going to watch the wheels from the family office residence, substitute progress for politics in a formal reception, and give the crumbling aristocratic institutions with the touch of ordinary humanity. He promised to add punch to the usually bland speech—particularly those on energy and national unity. But as the Saur'ses prepared to make way for the Bourne this month, Rides Hall remains strikingly intact. Saur's 1984 New Year's message on Radio-Canada was predictably banal. And on the eve of his departure, Canada's Governor General treated a sign of relief that could be read in the fourth. Said former Saur's aide and confidant René Charlier: "The only person happier than Jeanne Saur's right now is Ed Shear."

As a social and political observer, Schreyer fished at the job or the job failed him. It was a bad match from the beginning. Schreyer was both too young and glib and too shy and socially inept to lead the largely ceremonial position. And there was little aid for the former Manitoba premier's political experience. No one had Schreyer taken office than the government voted his speeches on national unity and Quebec.

At the height of the debate over (national) debt, the Prime Minister's Office turned an absolute control over his formal pronouncements. Schreyer even told an aide in Winnipeg, only half-jokingly, that it was "dangerous" for him to speak on so important a topic as energy conservation. He admitted warily in an ABC interview: "I know full well that partisan issues had to be avoided. But I found that any statement of mine of substance automatically seemed to touch on policy, and was a business partner."

The 22nd Governor General stumbled into controversy twice—when he refused to give Prime Minister Joe

Clark immediate approval to call an election in 1978, and again in 1982 when he insisted that he would have forced a federal election had Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau reneged his constitutional package through in the face of provincial opposition. On both occasions he was speaking hypothetically, but he drew the wrath of virtually everyone. Most cutting was Quebec Premier René Lévesque, who told Schreyer in 1982 to go back to his "barnal occupation—algebra."

Unfortunately, what the Governor



The family a few incoherences and barely disguised boredom

General's job tasks is substance. It makes up for in froth—and Schreyer, dark, square-shouldered and serious, is, as he puts it, uneasy with "100-fifteen social occasions." He left extensive to Lily, who tackled it with gusto. The Schreyers were renowned for inviting strangers at social occasions: once in a way overgrown in one of Rides Hall's past guests. Lily's generosity was genuine in some quarters—particularly among writers and the thousands of ordinary Canadians who were invited for the first time in the annual New Year's levee. But critics complained that there were too many

New Democratic Party cronies at Rides Hall gatherings and that the Schreyers were spending too much money entertaining family and friends. But as no one how socially inept or politically astute Schreyer might have been, he faced a formidable obstacle. Edmund Butler, secretary to the Governor General, square-jawed, stiff and formal, Butler is the third-ranking public servant in Ottawa and the power behind the throne at Rides Hall. He lives on the grounds in a 24-room house and rides back on benches of protocol with adoring adoration. Ottawa's lastest and that both of Schreyer's predecessors, Jules Légaré and Roland Michener, failed to encroach Butler's power. With Schreyer, there was no contact. After brushing in the early months, Schreyer deferred to Butler's superior knowledge of vice-regal routine and contented himself with a few silent two-hour conversations and a period of official "residence" at Fort Garry, Man. The rest of the time Schreyer continued his rounds with barely disguised boredom.

But even Schreyer is expected to become high commissioner to Australia, although no formal announcement has yet been made. According to friends, the family has accepted for weeks that the decision. One Schreyer intimates that the job of high commissioner might be a little too reminiscent of the post he is leaving to suit him. And friends say that in the past he has been tempted to buy land and do some experimental farming.

In a interview farmed to a job that would involve anyone "stark raving mad from boredom," Schreyer last week thanked all those who offered him "free advice" on his shortcomings as governor general. Schreyer's harshest critics will hope that the more one stays in Rides Hall will diminish with the arrival of Saur's. But others remember the Schreyers—with Reggie, their Irish wife, their irrepressible son Tobias, and their "daddy-home wags"—with warmth. The family would hardly mind the public's affection, even if it did not suit his imagination.

—SHEILA KILPATRICK in Ottawa

able of being an objective journalist while married to a prominent politician. Said Sauré: "The CBC was forever worrying that I would be less than impartial, and that limited my scope."

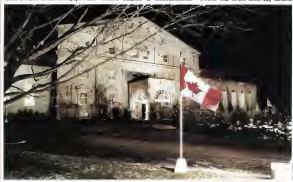
The worst point came in 1968, when her husband lost his Group seat through redistribution and she lost the election in the riding of St-Hyacinthe. Both Saurés were hurt and frustrated. Although Maurice soon began a new career as vice-president of Consolidated-Bathurst, his wife's tenure continued. She was being considered for an editorial position at Montreal's *Le Presse*, but the offer was withdrawn because of her troubles at the newspaper. The

age, and the impressive set of brooches she has adorned as a woman—first Governor General, first Commons Speaker, first Quebec woman in the federal cabinet, third female cabinet minister in Canada—might never have happened. Asked what role she expects her husband to play at Rideau Hall, she said only, "It is something we will have to think about."

Prime Jeanne Sauré was a star—if a minor one—almost from the moment she arrived in Ottawa. Within less than a month of her election in 1972, she became minister of science and technology in the Trudeau cabinet. Two years later she was appointed minister of the environment and, in 1975, she became minister of communications

groups over the years, but all of these efforts when Trudeau announced her appointment as governor general.

Sauré has had plenty of practice at being a token woman in the past 11 years and—the report says bluntly—she accepts the role with grace. "It is a magnificent breakthrough for women," she declared, while many Canadian women were wondering which of the governor general's responsibilities could be described as "men's work." Sauré will be expected to open and close Parliament on the advice of the Prime Minister, give proclamations and cabinet orders and plan royal visits. She will receive letters of credence from foreign ambassadors, head out treasury and merit awards and invest deserving citizens



The official residence, Rideau Hall, reflects an 18th-century compound, with woods, a park, a skating rink and toboggan slide

fact that the job would have meant that both Sauré and her husband would be working for subsidiaries of Power Corp was a further complication. "I got drenched and over that," she remembered. "I told them it was utterly wrong for anyone to be denied good opportunities because of a spouse's job." It never occurred to her that the ladies would one day be turned. Maurice Sauré is now deciding whether he can retain his eight corporate directorships, among them Board of Canada and Bankruptcy Board of Canada.

Sauré describes her husband as a person with more drive than herself. Without his urging, she insists, she would not have entered politics 11 years

ago. Throughout her political career, Sauré repeatedly explained that she was not a fighter. She could be firm when the situation demanded it but she saw little value in hostilities or strategy.

She still holds those views. "I am not an aggressive person," she reiterated last week. "It is a matter of personality. Just make things happen. I could never understand women who said men are useless and have to be put out of your life, or who thought there was something wrong with going to the hairdresser. I have always looked after my appearance. I was not raised in blue jeans." That deliberately restrained brand of feminism has earned Sauré some berbs from radical women's

with the Order of Canada. Every Wednesday she will meet the Prime Minister for a half-hour of consultation and four times a year she will write to the Queen on the state of the nation.

Valérie Sauré longs for the day when talented women will be chosen on the basis of their qualifications, not pinned to represent their gender. But that day has not arrived. For the next few years her job is to be Canada's most visible talent woman. The halls at Rideau Hall will be splendid, the garden parties unforgettable. Her Excellency intends to play her part with flair.

With Lynn Morris in Montreal, Dale Blair in Saskatchewan and Mary Joegan and John May in Ottawa.

Rideau Hall's tradition of excellence

If Jeanne Sauré's five-year term follows tradition, it will feature lavish entertaining, a partial facelift for Rideau Hall and the establishment of a special trophy for her cause. One that will be marked by a minimum of controversy and a maximum of cross-country travel. Her 30 male predecessors and their often remarkable wives seldom strayed from the straight and left paths decreed by convention, the rules proscribed and the golden traditions of the Governor General's job. Most of them are largely forgotten today by the people they served. Their names endure on countless streets and public buildings, as well as on the Stanley, Grey and Missisquoi (for hockey, football and lacrosse championships). But their personalities are preserved vividly, if at all, despite the fact that many of them were cheerful and accomplished, of noble birth and mature wits.

Canada's first 17 governors general, from Viscount Monck (1867-69) to Viscount Alexander of Tunis (1895-98), were aristocrats, military heroes and career public servants who came from Britain to represent the Crown in Canada. In 1952 Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent made the historic decision to appoint a Canadian, selecting Toronto law equipment bar Viscount Massey for the honor. It was a heavily symbolic gesture, a further statement by Canada of its political independence. Since Massey, four other Canadians have been appointed and have gone about the post's largely ceremonial duties with dedication and occasional gusto.

Preserving: With the exception of Lord Byng of Vimy (1921-25), the First World War hero whose wife, Evelyn, donated the Lady Byng Trophy for dress play in the National Hockey League, all appointees followed the 1871 dictates of Lord Dufferin (1870-74). "The governor general," he "declared to the suggestion of his associates." Byng was the only one ever to exercise his prerogative to ask a government to resign. That occurred in 1906, when Liberal Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King sought to hold onto power despite having won fewer seats than the Conservatives under Arthur Meighen in a general election. Hoping for support from two smaller parties, King summoned Parliament.

He failed to put together a coalition and asked Byng for dissolution and a new election. Byng refused and called on Meighen to form a government. A week later, after losing a vote of confidence by a single vote, Meighen sought dissolution. Byng agreed, and King won the ensuing election. Later that year in London, King forced the British government to accept a reduction in the Governor General's duties, placing the



Massey, with Pauline, in 1904: cheerful and accomplished

position entirely under Ottawa's control.

The reported governors general—from Dufferin, a romantic adventurer, to Alexandre, a cultivated folk warrior—brought a variety of skills to the post. The Marquis of Lorne (1878-82) was a poet as well as a wealthy Scot who wrote the 1931 Poem to the new familiar hymn that the hills around me I left up Earl Grey (1904-11) was an indefatigable traveller, writer and Canadian booster. During a 1906 visit to Newfoundland he projected that Canada across the Crown colony, as well as the

French islands of St-Pierre and Miquelon, Bermuda and the British West Indies. And Lord Tweedsmuir (1928-32) was a celebrated writer (as John D. B. has been) and a book collector (as the Thirty-Nine Steps and Greenmantle, as well as biographies of John A. Macdonald and Oliver Cromwell).

Canada's first female and postwar Canadian woman and, becoming the federal government decided that it was time for a Canadian to occupy Rideau Hall. Massey, a seasoned diplomat as well as a great philosopher (University College at Hart House at the University of Toronto are among his family's many benefactions), was chosen to serve. Massey was succeeded by another much respected Canadian, patriots, Sir, Ove George-F. Vane (1950-57), who four decades earlier had served at Rideau Hall as aide-de-camp. After Vane's death Richard McCreery (1957-59) returned from New Delhi, where he was Canada's high commissioner, to take up the five-year appointment and campaign tirelessly for physical fitness among Canadians. The popular scholar Jules Lévesque (1970-74), younger brother of Paul René Cardinal Lévesque, followed. Most recently Ed Schreyer, a former New Democratic Party premier of Manitoba, brought a less formal approach to the job.

As the first woman governor general—a departure as symbolic to the appointment of Massey—Sauré might find some inspiration in the life of a former chaperone of Rideau Hall. The popular and talented Lady Aberdeen, whose husband served as governor general from 1885 to 1890 and who once described her official home as a "shabby old building 'put away in its elegant bushes,'" was an early advocate of women's rights, a friend of U.S. suffragette Susan B. Anthony and one of the founders of the Victorian Order of Nurses. Sauré, a woman who has known many friends in her career, may also find a way to put a ceremonial point to good use. Sauré is said a woman who has played throughout her career, and her own point should enable her to continue a Rideau Hall tradition: collecting good works. Her *Good Works*, as she will be known, is in constant company.

—ROBERT MILLER, in Toronto

Mistaken identities



Beaudoin with son Steve; and (below) Beaudoin: bullets through the door

Two days before Christmas, at 7 a.m., Serge Beaudoin and Jean-Paul Beaumont were asleep in a motel room in Black Forest, Que. They had not been there long, they had been lying asleep at the office of Bill Caruso in nearby Sherbrooke until about 2 a.m. It was almost dawn. Moments later, Beaudoin lay mortally wounded on the floor. Beaumont, wounded in the neck, was staring at the room's door which had been perforated by gunfire. Last week, as more details of the affair emerged, Sherbrooke police had to admit that the 1987-style assault on the room had been a mistake.

The first of at least 31 shots woke the 34-year-old Beaumont. He saw Beaudoin, 35, father of a five-year-old son, fall to the floor between the two beds and begin screaming. Beaumont threw himself to the floor and looked around the room. "My first thought was to call for the police," he said later, "but when I looked, the phone had been shot off the hook." When the shooting stopped, Beaumont could hear his friend calling for help and ran outside the door. "Open the door or we'll break it down," he or were men said. They did not identify themselves, Beaumont said.

After Beaumont managed to reach and then open the door, according to Beaumont, eight Sherbrooke police officers, with two members of the Black

Forest police force, rushed in. The officers grabbed Beaumont and forced him to lie face down in the entrance. An ambulance arrived and its attendants took him to Sherbrooke's St-Vincent-de-Paul hospital. A second ambulance arrived, and Beaudoin was taken to the Sherbrooke University Hospital with eight machine-gun bullets in his body. He died four hours later. At the motel in Black Forest, the police searched room number 6 for weapons and \$47,000 that had been stolen in a Brink's robbery in Sherbrooke the day before. They found only dirty towels, some carpet laying tools and the personal effects of the two men from the village of Assinette Lorette.

Sherbrooke police had been searching for two robbery suspects who shot a Brink's security guard in front of a Christmas shoppers in a Sherbrooke shopping plaza shortly after midnight on Dec. 23 they received a call from Black Forest police who said they had found two robbers that had been stolen in the Quebec City area. One contained some clothing and a shotgun. Someone then tipped

Sherbrooke police that two men, apparently from Quebec City, were registered at Le Châtelier motel less than 1,000 yards from where the stolen cars had been found. Someone told the police that the two men were "behaving strangely."

Before a coroner ordered witnesses to stop talking to reporters last week, pending an inquest, Le Châtelier owner Guy Desnoes said that police came to his office at about 6 a.m. on Dec. 25 inquiring about two men. He showed them the motel registry and said that there were two guests from the Quebec City area in room number 5.

Police told the Desnoes to return to their apartment and set to alert guests in the rooms adjacent to number 5 for fear of shooting the suspects. The operation nearly cost two Alberta travellers their lives. A bullet passing through the wall narrowly missed them. Desnoes says that before the police approached room 3, they made several phone calls—one a request for two police ambulances.

Sgt. Roger Rhea and Cpl. André Castonguay of the Sherbrooke police department have been suspended with pay. Hook Peters, Police Chief Richard Poirer's boss, called in the Quebec provincial police "to ensure impartiality" to conduct an investigation. Quebec Minister of Justice Marc-André Lévesque has ordered the Quebec Police Commission to conduct its own investigation, and a date for a coroner's inquest will be set next week.

The investigators have many questions to answer. Although police called Beaudoin's family and told his mother that he had been killed, the Sherbrooke Police Chief Maurice Houde has not retraced his statement that Beaumont is still "the prime suspect" in the Brink's guard's murder. Beaumont, recovering from his wounds at home, said that he was released from hospital "without so much as an apology." And witnesses to the Brink's robbery have positively stated that Beaumont and Beaudoin were not the men involved. Michel Simoesco, a salesman at Hardware store, where Brink's guard Yves Charland was slain, said that employees were shown a picture of Beaudoin and told him to identify either the man on the motel "The palatine's jaws dropped when we told them that they were not the guys," Simoesco said.

The search for the Charland's murderers and the robbers continues.

—CHARLES BERRY AND
MICHAEL MCDONNELL
in Sherbrooke



Simoesco



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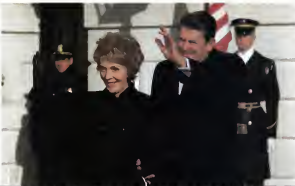
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The president and First Lady Nancy, presiding for the 1984 presidential vote with an enviable political advantage

WORLD

Reagan bids for another term

By Michael Posner

Late this month, six days short of his 73rd birthday, Ronald Reagan will make it official. In a 25-minute televised statement from the Oval Office, the nation's oldest-ever president plans to announce his bid for a second term. The speech will cite his achievements in rebuilding the U.S. economy and the nation's military strength. But the task Reagan will recommit, remains unbroken: he needs another four years in power to permit him to fulfill his mandate.

The president enters the 1984 campaign with an enviable political advantage. Republican indicators are positive, and the success of the invasion of Grenada has restored confidence not only in the armed forces but in the nation's readiness to use them. Indeed, Reagan's personal approval rating is now rising at 60 per cent or higher, and the prospect of a second landslide—he was 44 of 50 states in 1980—cannot be ruled out. Still, most observers doubt that his current popularity will last. As

well, the president's lead over two Democratic rivals, Senator John Glenn and former vice-president Walter Mondale, ranges between three and six percentage points—the margins of an overwhelming victory.

But on the issues that Democrats regard as most pressing—the economy—Reagan is not as vulnerable as his opponents had hoped. Inflation rates have fallen by half since Reagan's election, and inflation has dropped from 14 per cent to less than three per cent. The economy that a year ago sent unemployment statistics to post-Depression lows is ending. The recovery has so far given Reagan the best of both worlds—steady growth without renewed inflation. All the key indexes are on the rise: factory output, productivity, profits, consumer confidence. Unemployment is lower, and, as the president likes to point out, more Americans are working now than ever before.

Reaganomics, of course, is not the sole cause of the turnaround; steady, predictable monetary policies by the Federal Reserve Board have also played

a role. But, as balance, Reagan can legitimately claim much of the credit. However, he will have to be careful not to go too far. As the Democrats point out, the real test of interest-taking initiative into account—remain near a historic high and deter capital expansion. At the same time, unemployment remains chronic, particularly in the industrial Midwest. It is there—in Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Michigan—that the 1984 presidential election may be determined. Then, too, there is the federal debt. As a candidate in 1980, Reagan promised to cut the budget by 1984. Instead, the recession, generous tax cuts and the Pentagon's record spending programs have produced what budget director David Stockman calls a sea of red ink stretching "as far as the eye can see." There are weak points, too, in Reagan's foreign policies. Apart from Grenada, the administration's record lacks a major diplomatic triumph. Reagan's Middle East peace initiative is stalled, and the deployment of the Marines in Lebanon is losing public support. Last week

the president himself accepted personal responsibility for the deaths of U.S. servicemen there (page 10). In Central America there has been little progress. Most important, perhaps, Washington seems no closer now to an arms control treaty with the Soviets than it was four years ago, and there is no early prospect of a U.S.-Soviet summit.

Yet foreign affairs are not, historically, a decisive factor in presidential elections. Not only that, but Reagan will argue that achievements on arms control or Middle East peace require time and patience. That line of reasoning could disarm Democratic critics. Indeed, the Democrats' best chance may lie in a different area of policy altogether. Reagan is widely perceived, fairly or not, as favoring the rich over the poor, whites over blacks and other racial minorities, and men over women. That perception may give the Democrats' standard bearer a greater shot, at winning the Oval Office. Rep. Jesse Jackson's campaign to register two million new black voters may prove fruitful. It nearly does just since in 1980, Reagan's margin of victory over then President Jimmy Carter was smaller than the number of potential new voters.

The president can be expected to use his tendency to minimize the failures factor, making opportunities heavily weighted in favor of priorities and women. He has already lived his daughter, Maureen Reagan, 62, to help draft a strategy for closing the so-called "gender gap," a statistical trend in polling which shows that women are more suspicious and more fearful of Reagan than are men. He also can count on several other important advantages, including the continuing division within the Democratic party itself. As the Glenn-Mondale struggle deepens, Democrats have yet to settle the precise thrust of the party's campaign politics. The expected candidacy of Independent John Anderson will siphon votes from the Democratic mainline, and the ongoing shift in population from overbuilt sunbelt has continued to favor Republican politicians.

All the numbers indicate that the election will be close. Republican strategists believe that some 100 million Americans will vote next year, compared to 68.5 million in 1980. For Reagan to win again, he must receive seven or eight million more ballots than the 64 million he earned in 1980. Says Reagan's campaign manager, Ed Butler: "You really can't lose anything off of him. You have to reach out. The blue collar is where the battlefield will be." On the eve of Reagan's announcement—with the first Democratic caucus barely under way, and that assumption looks more than safe. It looks wild. ☐

THE SOVIET UNION

Waiting for Andropov

The four-month-old mystery shaking the health and location of Soviet President Yuri Andropov deepened last week when he failed to appear at either of the Kremlin's two most important political events of the year: a plenary meeting of the Communist Party's Central Committee and a key two-day session of the Supreme Soviet. As in November, when he missed the highly symbolic Red Square parade marking the 60th anniversary of the

latest edition of *The Great Soviet Encyclopedia* two years ago. But in the past year Andropov has made two, successful, long party stints in Komsomol, in the Soviet leader's home territory of the northern Caucasus, and Kuznetsk (non-voting) Politburo member, and prime minister of the Russian Federation, the largest Soviet republic.

The bespectacled Vorodnikov's several long absences were underlined by his plans in the Supreme Soviet order of precedence last week to sit beside former Leningrad party chief Gennady Romanov and agriculture boss Mikhail Gorbachev, both potential contenders to succeed Andropov. Another protol, Viktor Chebrikov, who replaced Andropov as KGB chief, was appointed a candidate member of the Politburo.

The missing Soviet leader's influence was also clearly evident in the business behind the Supreme Soviet. In a report read in his absence, Andropov claimed that economic growth in 1983 exceeded 3.2 per cent and was a result of his discipline approach. The Supreme Soviet rubber-stamped positive measures to curb industrial waste and provided financial incentives for workers and managers. Both are moves that Andropov has promoted. Finally, to help indicate that the Soviet leader is not contemplating retirement, the official news agency Tass reported that the Moscow director that Andropov represents on the Supreme Soviet has nominated him for reelection in March.

Still, that did not weaken the tide of speculation about Andropov's health and future prospects. In Moscow a well-placed Communist Party source said that the Soviet leader is indeed in hospital but that his illness has nothing to do with his interests and is not preventing him from working in St. Petersburg. Georgievsk University professor of nephrology Dr. George Schreiber emphasized on rumors that Andropov might have had a kidney transplant. Schreiber speculated that the operation would have made the patient liable to minor infections such as colds. That, fact, Schreiber said, might "very easily have led to a decision by [Andropov's] physicians not to be exposed to outside agents"—resulting in his isolation from the world.

As the Andropov mystery unfolded, the one certainty seemed to be that Soviet citizens, as eager as those in the West for news, will wait until several more weeks for a definitive statement on their absent leader's future. ☐



Andropov: missing amid new rumors

revolution, there was no explanation for his absence. Instead, the great, 69-year-old Andropov merely responded in a report for his absence, which he said was due to "temporary causes."

That threshold explanation gave new life to recent speculation that a kidney illness might force Andropov to step down. Still, last week's Moscow meetings failed to reveal any shift from the Andropov line. Indeed, Kremlinologists interpreted the appointment of 69-year-old Vitaly Vorodnikov to the Politburo as a sign that Andropov's influence remains strong. Soviet ambassador to Cuba from 1979 to 1980, Vorodnikov did not even raise a mention in the

The return of the generals

Only a handful of army colleagues recognized the vice that crumbled over Lagos State last week, but the unexpected message was depressingly familiar: a coup had toppled the leader of Africa's pretense of democracy in liberal democracy. For more than four years, said Brig. Sani Abacha, senior leadership had "soured a peace economic predicament and uncertainty" on Nigeria. Noting acute shortages of affordable food, health services, education and jobs, he declared that Nigeria had become a "bigger nation." Added Abacha: "I and my colleagues in the armed forces, as protectors of our national interests, have decided to form a military government."

It was the fifth time since independence in 1960 that the Nigerian military had seized control. But in contrast to earlier episodes—and the civil war by assassinates Rides that collapsed in 1970—the armed forces' coup on New Year's Eve appeared to have been bloodless. The military suspended the constitution, imposed a dusk-to-dawn curfew and washed off the boards. The fate of President Shugu Shugu, G. overhwhelmingly re-elected last August

for a second, and last, four-year term, remained uncertain. Authorities promised to protect foreigners, including 7,000 Americans and 1,500 Canadians.

For the world, and for most Nigerians, the coup came as a surprise. But there was no doubt that popular discontent was on the rise. Shugu was working to raise in Nigeria's runaway \$5-billion debt and was in the process of negotiating a \$2.5 billion credit from the International Monetary Fund. Only two days before the coup, Shugu announced austerity measures. And he seemed to wipe out the corruption that rattled confidence and reduced living standards of the country's mainly impoverished 90 million inhabitants.

The oil bonanza of the 1970s was at the root of Nigeria's problems. When the military handed power to Shugu in 1978, revenue from oil exports was \$20 billion a year and the economy was comparatively healthy. Since then, oil revenues have plummeted to \$10 billion a year. At the same time, profit, known as "cash," destroyed the import control system. Unnecessary and over-priced products flooded the country, while the government refused imports for needed items.

The oil boom also attracted millions of Nigerians from the land to the cities. As a result, a country that was once largely self-sufficient now imports 30 per cent of its food and raw materials. The boom also drew millions of workers from impoverished neighboring countries to cities like Lagos (population 10 million) and increased social pressures.

Nigerians gave Shugu's name credit for trying to heal their woes. A direct Menon who has two current wives and 13 children, Shugu was widely regarded as a commander in a nation of 200 tribes. In 1982, he pardoned Shugu's Opa, who vainly led the Shugu's independence war. Later Shugu also allowed former military ruler Gen. Yakubu Gowon to return home from exile.

Shugu's military successor, Gen. Mohamed Buhari, 48, is well known in oil circles. A member of the military council that took over from Gowon, he later became chairman of the National Petroleum Corporation. In a low-key broadcast on New Year's Day, he told Nigerians he had taken power "to put an end to the crisis of confidence afflicting our nation." After 20 years of independence, in which parliamentary democracy flourished only intermittently, the cost of restoring confidence will be high.

—DAVID NORTH in Toronto, with *Wheaton Lowther* in Washington and *correspondents' reports*

LEBANON

The high cost of peacekeeping

The incident brought into vivid focus both the value and vulnerability of the multinational peacekeeping force in Lebanon. In an attempt to increase security, the French contingent last week decided to abandon two exposed positions inside the Palestinian refugee camp of Shatila in southern Beirut. With only a 10-minute warning, the French removed 30 paratroopers from the camp, located deep inside a sprawling Shatila Muslim slum. As the Lebanese Army scrambled to fill the vacuum, fighting broke out between the government troops and Shi'ite militiamen. Three days of street battles claimed 60 lives and wounded 200 before a shaky ceasefire took hold. Said French Army spokesman Col Philippe de Longueville: "The incident showed that our presence, even in small numbers, can prevent a disaster."

Lebanese government officials complained that the French contacted their fallback without prior co-ordination. But in the wake of slaying civilians, commanders of the 5,800-man multinational force are clearly taking no chances. To date, 82 French and more than 250 Americans have died from sniper fire, shelling or suicide bomb at-

tacks. The toll has raised questions about the force's usefulness, especially in Washington, where a Pentagon report in the Oct. 28 issue bombing that claimed the lives of 241 U.S. civilians recommended last week that the White House reassess its policy of keeping troops in Lebanon. But while he rejected the report's political advice, President Ronald Reagan took personal re-

As the French abandoned Shatila, fighting broke out between two old foes, and the painful cycle continued

sponding—in advance of the report's release—for the deaths. Said Reagan: "If there is blame, it rests here in this office with this president." This virtually excluded disciplinary action against anyone involved in the report. Reagan announced that most of the security precautions the Pentagon report proposed are already in place. Still, tension among members of

the four-nation force last week remained high. A French desert patrol came under attack from gunmen using rocket-lance grenades. U.S. Marines stationed at Beirut International Airport stood on maximum alert after two shells slammed into the area. And as a British military mail convoy passed through Beirut's port area, a nearby bomb blast injured two soldiers.

Meanwhile, the process of national reconciliation remains bogged down. As a series of bomb blasts in West Beirut shook the latest ceasefire, a multinational security committee last week negotiated without success for a more lasting peace. In Damascus, Syrian leader Hafez al-Assad openly expressed doubts about the possibility of reaching any agreement with Lebanese President Amin Gemayel. Indeed, last week's fighting only underscored the gulf between the nation's Muslim population and Gemayel's Christian-dominated government. As one Shi'ite woman surveyed the rubble created by Lebanese Army tank shells last week, she angrily observed, "This is not an army for all the people." Without a national consensus to break the cycle of sectarian violence, the multinational force's effectiveness will remain limited—and costly.

—JARED MITCHELL in Toronto, with *correspondents' reports*

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Washington leaves UNESCO

After years of sparring with Third World and Soviet bloc members of the Paris-based United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), Washington finally ran out of patience last week. Acknowledging its enmeshment over the UN body's policies and pettifoggery, the United States declared that it would leave UNESCO at the end of this year and leave its \$46.7-million share of the annual budget—26 per cent of the total—with it. The blow, though not unexpected, threatens the organization with a major financial crisis because U.S. contributions will cease on Dec. 31. It also calls into question the chances of UNESCO Director-General Amadou Mahtar Mbow of Senegal surviving to the end of his term in 1987.

The U.S. decision, which President Ronald Reagan made at the urging of Secretary of State George Shultz, was personally handed to Mbow in Paris by ambassador Jean Gerard at midweek. Senior UNESCO officials were flummoxed. Said one: "We will refrain from any comment on the matter—now, or for some time to come." Washington was less reticent. Said state department spokesman Alan Rosenberg: "[UNESCO has] politicized virtually every subject it deals with, exhibited hostility toward basic authorities of a free society, espoused a free market and a free press, [and] devoted considerable resources to a biased, distorted budgetary expansion." Added Assistant State Secretary Gregory Novell: "There is no conceivable way that UNESCO could change so that we would be inclined to remain."

Founded in 1945 by mostly Western nations to promote literacy, education and culture, particularly in the less developed nations, UNESCO now has 502 member nations, including Canada. Its budget has grown from an initial \$5 million to a two-year, 1984-1985 total of \$234 million. It employs about 2,500 at its headquarters in Paris' seventh arrondissement (near the Louvre) and has 100 field offices in 120 countries. UNESCO projects around the world, including schools in Africa and the creation of Montserrat National Park. But, according to Washington, UNESCO has allowed itself to become a forum for Soviet-led propaganda and has alienated disaffected nations from its original

mandate, especially on the issue of a "world information order" under which UNESCO proposes to establish international guidelines and credentials for journalists working in member states. Most Western governments, including Canada's, have reacted warily to an idea that appears to be a thinly disguised attempt to curb press freedom.



UNESCO-sponsored clinic in Togo: minglings

U.S. allies, including Canada, West Germany and France, privately complained with Washington's frustration but still were disappointed by the decision to withdraw. Said an external affairs department spokesman in Ottawa: "We believe there can be a better partnership for setting it right from within." For its part, the Soviet bloc agency, UNICEF, and that Reagan had signed a "malicious campaign of blackmail, threats and slander" against UNESCO, and the government newspaper, Pravda, said that Washington was withdrawing because it feared the loss of its

world media monopoly. At UN headquarters in New York, Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar hoped that "a way will be found for the United States to remain a member."

The U.S. move bears some similarity to its huffy 1977 pullout from another UN body, the Geneva-based International Labour Organization (ILO), which Washington criticized as too left-wing. Three years later, in 1980, the United States returned to the ILO, resuming its budget contribution. It seemed at least possible that Washington might repeat UNESCO eventually.

Sources in Paris and Washington suggested that one roadblock was Director-General Mbow himself. During his nine-year tenure, Mbow has had frequent run-ins with U.S. officials. According to a scathing report on UNESCO released last October by the Washington-based Heritage Foundation, a conservative think tank, Mbow met last June with Gerard and Novell and "the director-general clearly implied that the United States was racist in its dealings with him and the Third World and asserted that 'it had a deep psychological problem' which it needed to attend to urgently." The Heritage Foundation report, written by James Harris, Australian ambassador to UNESCO in 1982-1983, added that under Mbow the organization's activities had become "increasingly tainted by U.S. interests and values." Mbow himself lives in a penthouse apartment atop UNESCO headquarters and enjoys a wide range of tax-free allowances and perquisites. Some diplomats have criticized him for setting the style for a large group of high-living officials.

U.S. dissatisfaction with the UN generally has increased under the Reagan administration, at least in part because the Soviet Union seems to be winning more than its share of UN diplomatic skirmishes. According to Richard L. Jackson, author of *The Non-Aligned UN and the Super-Powers*, *The World* magazine writes with the Soviet Union as an average of 83.4 per cent of the time during the 1982 General Assembly sessions and with the United States only 24.6 per cent at the time. Said a senior UN official in New York: "The [UNESCO] decision is a vivid admission of defeat for the Reagan administration's tightly ideological but woefully inexperienced diplomats."

—ROBERT MILLER, in Toronto, with Peter Lewis in Brussels, John May in Ottawa and Philip Allen in New York

More turbulence in Eastern's skies

By Ann Finlayson

The 11-month dispute has been one of the most acrimonious on the Canadian labor scene. In December the Canada Labour Relations Board ordered Eastern Provincial Airways Ltd. to recall 40 dismissed pilots and to hire 18 additional pilots hired during a strike that began last January. It was the second such order in seven months, but last week the company once again declared its intention to appeal. The action will force the dispute into its second year, despite the fact that the company recently had reversed its fortunes.

The airline's demoralized rehiring procedures are the major unresolved issues in the struggle between EPLA's Gender-based pilots and the airline's president, Harry Steele. Since he took the airline over in 1978, Steele, a former naval officer, has transformed the 10-aircraft regional carrier from a money loser into a thriving operation with an unparalleled determination to improve productivity. In fact, since last May EPLA has competed successfully in the trans-Canada passenger market, operating in partnership with CP Air.

During the 1984-85 pilots' last spring, Steele arranged EPLA pilots' membership in the Canadian Air Line Pilots' Association—when he neglected to union charges that the airline was putting productivity before safety by asking pilots to work longer hours. "Everyone talks about safety and safety first," Steele declared. "But what is the difference between a pilot and a poor old GM bus driver?" Steele's stance prompted association claims that the company had challenged "the union's right to exist." Less than a month into the strike the airline started to lose nonunion pilots to maintain partial service. According to association spokesman Capt. Keith Lacey, at that point the strike pilots refused to make rehiring procedures crucial to any settlement.

Following an appeal by the pilots, the Canada Labour Relations Board ruled on May 27 that EPLA was guilty of unfair labor practices under Canada Labour Code for refusing to give returning pilots seniority over the nonunion pilots who had been hired to replace them. As a result, the board ordered the airline to settle the strike and to reinstate the dismissed pilots with their seniority intact. It also told Eastern Provincial to reinstate a proposed contract that the company had put forward during bar-

gaining in April. Both sides had previously agreed in principle to the proposal, but disagreements over recall procedures had settled a resolution.

The company complied with the board order. But according to airline vice-president, Capt. Chester Walker, EPLA added a covering note to the contract saying that the company considered that the proposal was reached conditionally upon the outcome of EPLA's appeal of the labor board's ruling in the Federal Court of Canada. The pilots fi-

nally accepted the proposal in early June, and as far as they were concerned, it became a binding contract regardless of the ultimate outcome of the Federal Court action. The back-to-work agreement also complied with the board ruling that the replacement pilots be "demoted, dismissed or transferred." On June 10 the striking pilots returned to their positions and began a 45-day rehiring program while the replacement pilots continued to fly the planes. Said Lacey: "Everyone thought it was over when it was over."



Steele: a bitter labor dispute heading into its second acrimonious year

Then, in October, after 116 days of hearings, the Federal Court of Canada quashed the board's ruling and ordered

recall and filed senior positions with nonunion pilots.

The labor board's second decision, delivered on Dec. 20, again ordered the airline to settle the company's April contract proposal for collective bargaining—the same proposal that the union agreed already was a binding agreement. The board also ordered EPLA to once more recall the pilots according to their seniority by Dec. 30 and overrode that both the union and the company had been bargaining in bad faith. The airline's latest decision to appeal the labor board's second ruling to the Federal Court means that the dispute will drag on into its second year. □



Every great Martini has a silent partner.

U.S. Steel makes a deep cutback

For steelworkers in cities across the already hard-hit industrial heartland of the United States, the post-Christmas message brought more bad news. Donald Roderick, the chairman of United States Steel Corp. (USS), announced last week that the largest U.S. steel producer had cut its operations by about 30 per cent, putting 15,406 employees out of work.

The reason for USS's decision—it will now employ a \$2.4-billion (U.S.) charge against its earnings—was clear. Despite layoffs and temporary shut-downs, last week's losses of \$17.9 million in the first nine months of 1983.

For its part, the company contends that the losses lies chiefly with the wages paid to the members of the United Steelworkers of America (in average \$21 per hour) and foreign competition. Many of the closings announced last week, which will shut down 936 operations in six cities while curtailing others in more than a dozen others, affected plants producing products that form the mainstay of many smaller manufacturing producers. "The lower employment costs at nonintegrated mills are as much as \$9 below those of integrated producers," Roderick said.

But critics argue that USS may be as much to blame for its noncompetitive situation as its employees. Virtually since banker J.P. Morgan created USS in 1901, it has suffered from a lack of investment in new mills.

As well, the steel giant's frequent complaints against alleged dumping by foreign producers have been undercut by its own actions. In recent months the company attempted to set up a joint venture with British Steel Corp. Although that deal fell through last week, USS still hopes to find another foreign supplier. But if these attempts also fail, the Philadelphia works could also close.

USS sees its best hopes in relatively sophisticated products, such as seamless pipe and flat rolled steel, the mainstay of the auto industry. The steel giant's new direction was underlined last week by the announcement that USS will spend \$250 million at two mills this could create 1,000 jobs. The plan met with approval on Wall Street, and the shares moved up slightly. Despite its current aims, the future of USS as an integrated producer could hinge on the success or failure of its moves last week. Acting Steelworkers of America President Lynn Williams had a more dire view. "The very fate of industrial safety in the United States is now in the balance."

—IAN ANDERSON in Toronto

USABILITY WATCH

The upbeat mood for 1984

By Peter C. Newman

The next 12 months promise to be one of those golden seasons that the high priests of free enterprise will celebrate as their rightful due.

Canada's gross national product will soar up by eight per cent, its real personal income will rise a third quarter, the Dow Jones will burst through the magic 1,300-point barrier, corporate capital spending budgets will loosen up and make an imposing impact on unemployment statistics.

And the spread push in interest rates will level off by spring at only one per cent above current levels. "To sum up, 1984 will show the best overall economic performance in the past seven years," Peter Andrews, chief economist at Burns Fry Ltd. (the Bay Street investment dealer), enthusiastically predicts. "Export strength in the traditional resource sectors and a widening consumer recovery will provide the main domestic thrust; moreover, economies will be lifted by an expanding U.S. market."

Taking advantage of this rosy line in our economic outlook, the embattled Trudeau government will ignore the realities of ballooning budget deficits and other vices such as inflation, unemployment, the vesting and portability of pensions and a modified form of guaranteed annual incomes. Ottawa will negotiate a deal for the sale of Northern Canadian water to the United States and sign a megadeal with China for Chinese-supplied machinery to exploit their coal reserves. The Chinese will purchase some of our planes and move into international play by annexing their intention to build a huge port on Expo 86 in Vancouver.

What could be the beginning of a long-term labor trend will be the successful negotiations by an increasing number of management, of agreements addressing the hiring of new employees at a fraction of going rates. The model for such a startling departure was the recent contract signed by American Airlines and its 30,000 pilots and flight attendants. In return for a guarantee of lifetime jobs in general, management was granted the right to hire new pilots at 50 per cent below current wage rates and new attendants at 70 per cent of existing salaries. If that trend accompanied by the expected increases in productivity, it could herald a structural change in

the North American economy.

The perils of Dome's maverick, brilliantly documented in Peter Foster's book, *Outer People's Money*, will finally be resolved in 1984. Dome will survive, but as a shadow of its former, glorious self. The Bonfield Sea will quietly be handed back to the polar bears as the petroleum giant reluctantly withdraws to its more moderate pastures of servicing its lease. Ottawa's Petroleum Incentive Program (the frontier exploration) was supposed to cut taxpayers



Gray: the price of oil could tank up

\$2.5 billion in its first three years, \$4.4 billion has already vanished without a trace. Contributing overruns by the companies exploring for Arctic oil will doom their retrocession to other, much more accessible forms of petroleum—namely, the exploitation of heavy oil deposits in northeastern Alberta and western Saskatchewan.

Rather than brain-blast megaprojects, these ventures will be developed on an incremental basis, you spend a little, make a little, then spend a little more. At least five such projects—Kestrel at Judy Creek, Alberta Energy at Prim-

rose Lake, Hunter and Dome at Lloydminster and Enao at Cold Lake and Lomax—are early possibilities. John Huxford and Jim Turner, who ran Hunter Exploration in Calgary, estimate that heavy oil deposits in Canada may total as much as 2.7 billion barrels. "We're way not to have already started on this kind of production," Murray says. "We can easily build up to 30,000 barrels a day and sell it in the United States for asphalt on big road-building programs until we get our own infrastructure built, pipelines laid and refineries finished." Gray adds: "We can build oil self-sufficiency into the Canadian economy simply by developing existing heavy oil structures. Deposits coming onstream cumulatively represent the equivalent of the largest oil fields ever developed in North America. And capital cost is only about \$10,000 per daily barrel of oil produced."

The most startling prediction for 1984 is what would happen with the outbreak of war in the Middle East. (An Iraqi-owned Kuwait has already sunk an oil merchant ship in the Persian Gulf—the Greek-owned bulk carrier *Amigol*—and more attacks will follow.) According to a U.S. congressional study, if the Strait of Hormuz was permanently blocked, the price of oil could quickly shoot up to \$200 a barrel, setting off the largest boom in Alberta since Leduc.

Another boost to the Alberta economy could come from the installation of a Malinco government. Calgary insists that the first choice for the Prime Minister might cause such a reduction in royalty taxes by five per cent. That would raise the net income of producing firms by enough of a margin to turn the oil industry around—even without shooting in the Middle East.

No reading of 1984 is complete without measuring the impact of Canada's political changes. At the moment, it seems certain that Pierre Trudeau will survive his departure by mid-February. John Turner will be crowned as his successor by mid-June, and the ideological battle for roses will then be joined. Neither Malinco nor Turner are as right-wing as their critics paint them, and the year's most fascinating spectator sport promises to be watching their race toward the political centre—or just a flash to the left of it.

Canadians can no longer count on racing into the future on an endless ribbon of self-feeding economic growth. But 1984 will be a splendid year.

Eighty-year-old British writer and broadcaster **Melanie Muggenidge** says that if he were still a young man he would be tempted to emigrate to Canada from his home in Sussex. His affection for the country that **Jacques Cartier** called "the land God gave to Cana" could even be genuine. In 1976 Muggenidge, whose son, **John**, teaches history at a community college in Welland, Ont., exchanged homes with University of Western Ontario law professor **Joe Malar**, one of the older Muggenidge's biographers, insisting that instead of "distinguished visitor or journalist" he be called "old hawk in residence." For Muggenidge, "the most delightful part was that some guests at the university discovered a country between Britain and Canada that says visiting professors need pay no income taxes if they teach in Canada for a year." But some of his Canadian-connected memories are less fond. When he was working for the *London Evening Standard*, he wrote a "nasty article" about its owner, Canadian-born **Lord Beaverbrook**, for **Melburn's** (Nov. 5, 1957). The Beaver fired him. Caden and other writers at Muggenidge is still writing, this time "journalistic autobiography" in keeping with his recent conversion to Roman Catholicism and a decades-long preoccupation with death that once inspired **Alanus McGee's** (Oct. 19, 1991) column. "Many people will have been saddened to learn of the sudden death of Malcolm Macgregor at the age of 156."



Designer Mowinkel and Malarney in Stoneyway living room: wherever the family is, he's home

perred, and paintings by Canadian artists **Jean-Paul Miquelle** and **John Paul Lemieux** hang side by side with the Muggenidge's own art collection. They have also revamped the third-floor playroom for their three children, painting it in primary colors. The staff are happy, the children are happy, Brian is happy, and so am I," said Malarney. Her enthusiasm flagged only slightly when she contemplated the prospect of another move in the near future. But, she said, it would be "wonderful." If her husband were elected prime minister, And, after all, "Wherever the family is, he's home."

Andie Kidder, **Margot's** 30-year-old daughter, has been collecting Mowinkel art for her life. Mowinkel pastured, Mowinkel placemats and a life-size Mowinkel end table. She even once wrote an unpublished script about it. I was a Doubtful for the RCMP? It is not surprising that she has teamed with *The Beachcomber's* **Count Castable** (Jacobsen Devies) for a projected \$100,000 series featuring Kidder as his partner, **Count Romanus Douglas**. The CBS series would be set in Vancouver, where the pride of **Grimsby, B.C.**, has been transferred. One proposed episode may be shot at Vancouver's **West Beach**, famous for its nude sunbathers and patrolled by the real-life RCMP university enforcement leads detachment. "Count Castable would go under cover, so to speak," said **Dennis**. But Kidder would prefer to stay out of the buff and on the beach. Mowinkel took her famous 35-year-old sister, she already regrets her nude scenes in **Nicola's** *Beachcomber* (not yet released in North America). But she may have a problem as **Romanus**. There are, she said, some things about being a cop that are not covered in the manual. "You wear this badge, and you've got your handcuffs and your walkie-talkie and all this stuff, and when you walk your pants to go to the bathroom, they crash to the floor and you can't get them back on." ♦

Grimsby and Kidder: a Helong Mowinkel boy



Sleeping around in other people's houses is much more fun when the residents are rich and famous. So it was a special delight over the holidays when Progressive Conservative Leader **Brian Mulroney**, 44, and his wife, **Mia**, 30, threw open the doors of Stoneyway, the nine-bedroom house reserved for the leader of the Opposition. Mia managed to avoid the deer when that **Margaret Trudeau** and **Margaret McFadyen** fought two years ago. McFadyen, with typical restraint, chose to ignore Trudeau's criticism of her "dreadful" taste, but the same remained in the public eye because of McFadyen's 1982 book, *Reminders*. And last June Malarney Wink O'Connor-based designer **Giovanni Mowinkel** to make the home her home. The results: McFadyen's dark-green dining table has given way to Malarney's lighter forest green; the kitchen has been enlarged; walls have been repainted and re-

placed, and paintings by Canadian artists **Jean-Paul Miquelle** and **John Paul Lemieux** hang side by side with the Muggenidge's own art collection. They have also revamped the third-floor playroom for their three children, painting it in primary colors. The staff are happy, the children are happy, Brian is happy, and so am I," said Malarney. Her enthusiasm flagged only slightly when she contemplated the prospect of another move in the near future. But, she said, it would be "wonderful." If her husband were elected prime minister, And, after all, "Wherever the family is, he's home."



John Paul and Agnes, a symbol of forgiveness during the Holy Redeemer Fair

RELIGION

Pardon in a prison cell

It looked like a typical Vatican Christmas, with Pope John Paul II pronouncing his traditional public *Indulgentias* promoting world peace. But the Pope had another mission at hand this year—he was personal example of forgiveness and understanding. First, on Christmas Eve, he met privately with the grieving family of **Baroness** **Grimsby**, the 35-year-old Italian girl who was abducted last June by kidnappers demanding the release from prison of the Pope's would-be assassin, **Melburn** **Ali Agnes**. Then, two days later, in an extraordinary act, the Pope went into an Indian cell in a prison on the outskirts of Rome and spent 20 minutes alone with Agnes himself. As he emerged from the meeting, John Paul said of the man who had tried to kill him almost three years ago, "I have met with a brother of ours in whom I have total trust."

Agnes, a Turkish Muslim and convicted murderer who had escaped from a Turkish prison, shot and seriously wounded the Pope in St. Peter's Square on May 13, 1981. Within days, while Agnes was still in his hospital bed, the Pope pardoned his assassin. Last week observers both within and outside the Roman Catholic Church hailed his jail visit as an exemplary Christian act of forgiveness. But some church members who worried that Agnes was bound to exploit the event. And in Turkey the widely distributed *Theresa* newspaper *Melburn*—Agnes shot its editor, **Abdi Ipekci**, in a February, 1979, assassination—objected strongly to the Pope's pardoning of a terrorist.

Canadian Catholic officials viewed the Pope's meeting with Agnes in the context of the Holy Redeemer Fair—a year of forgiveness and reconciliation. Said Rev. **Bernard Carrière**, a national director of the *Canadian Jewish Fathers and Brothers*: "He did it as a symbol, just as Christ forgave those who crucified him." But theologians also observed that, in keeping with Catholic teaching, the Pope's personal salvation depends on acts of forgiveness. A senior *American Jewish* official, **Rabbi William Melton**, noted that, while it is customary for priests of every rank to visit underprivileged people and encourage forgiveness during the Christmas season, it is the first time a pope has singled out a particular prisoner for a private discussion and pardon.

No one overheard the whispered conversation, which likely took place in English and Italian. It was not long Vatican officials had it out side up to three hours, but the conversation lasted just 20 minutes. Still, the Pope overruled to be left the cell that Agnes and expressed remorse for his deed and that he had pardoned his attacker. But the details of the conversation were not as important as the symbolism of the meeting itself. Said Melton: "Here is a highly visible prisoner with a highly visible visitor. It is hard to whisper without it echoing around the world."

—ANN WALKER
in Toronto

Settling the rig disaster

The out-of-court settlements were considered generous by Canadian standards, but for the 38 Newfoundland widows who accepted compensation last week in St. John's for the loss of their husbands in the Ocean Ranger oil rig disaster, the payments represented more than just financial assistance. They meant the end of almost two years of painful legal action. Said **Margaret Bickmore**, a widow and mother of three small children: "Now we can get on with our lives."

The rig's owner, **Ocean Drilling and Production Co.** (OPEC) of New Orleans, and its operator, **Melburn Oil Canada Ltd.**, agreed to pay an average of \$44,000, tax free, per family—an amount lawyers for both sides said was better than they could expect from Canadian courts but less than they might have received from a successful litigation. Most of the money is invested in annuities, which eventually will earn some of the families more than \$500,000, including interest.

The Ocean Ranger sank in stormy seas off Newfoundland on Feb. 15, 1982, killing 81 men, 67 of them Canadian. Last week's settlements leave only 13 unresolved Canadian claims, and four of these are expected to be resolved within two to three months. Lawyers for OPEC's insurers. Most of the parents of single men who died on the Ranger accepted settlements earlier this month that averaged \$40,000. But at least two Newfoundland families may try to pursue their claims in the United States, where similar claims have produced settlements as high as \$61 million.

But there were practical reasons to reach a settlement before the onset of the year. Tightened federal tax laws will make it harder for claimants to get a two-five settlement after Dec. 31. As well, Bickmore said the families were disappointed that a district court in New Orleans had ruled last June that it has no jurisdiction to hear damage claims by Canadians. For its part, OPEC's new intends to use the rig's supplies and maintenance, **Mississippi Heavy Industries Ltd.**, for \$50 million. But that is another matter in the marine disaster that the families want no part of. Said one widow as she left the courtroom: "I don't care what the companies do, I'm just glad it's over."

—BORIS WOODWARD in St. John's



A brief and contradictory life

By Linda Dziel and Ann Finkelman

When *Nineteen Eighty-Four* appeared on June 8, 1949, George Orwell did not believe his novel would be a success. He was wary of tuberculosis and predicted, "I shall be lucky if I make 400 good out of it." Shortly after the book's release, he entered hospital for the last time and died at 46 in January, 1950. Of course, Orwell was wrong. Not only did *Nineteen Eighty-Four* sell 400,000 copies in its first year of publication, but it has made the terms Big Brother, Newspeak and Hate Week familiar to tens of millions of readers in 65 languages. In the totalitarian state of Oceania, there is no future for humanity—but Orwell himself did not give up hope. Before he died, he wrote, "I do not believe the trend of world I described will arrive, but I believe that something resembling it could arrive."

Now that 1984 is finally here, as any of scheming and charlatans continues to debate whether *Nineteen Eighty-Four's* horrific vision has come true. However, Orwell's impact on the 20th century goes far beyond the influence of his best-known book. Seven years after his death, he became a household name because of his resistance to tyranny. "He was against himself," and his friend, author Arthur Koestler, "He was against everything that stank in society, everything that was bribe and rebuke and delay and petulance in himself and in society. There was no compromise."

In his best *Life* magazine, Orwell became a superb political writer, essayist and journalist who wrote because there was always "some lie" he had to expose. His famous, scandalous style was used in *Down and Out in Paris* (1933) and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, which not only testified to his political commitment but stood today among the classics of the English language. "To write is plain, vigorous language," he wrote. "One has to think intensely, and if one thinks clearly, one

cannot be politically orthodox." Above all, he was a very human man who inspired both love and hatred among his friends and peers. Confused English poet Stephen Spender, "Orwell had something about him like a character in a Charlie Chaplin movie—a person who was playing a role but with a great sort of poise and great sincerity."

Indeed, Orwell's life was full of con-

traditions. Born Eric Blair into what he later called a "lower-upper-middle-class" family and educated at Eton, he died a committed socialist. But, despite his professed socialism, he was, in many ways, a 19th-century Englishman—a conservative and a romantic—who could never escape his roots in class society except in terms of class. A famous editor, Richard Ross, recalled, "He looked at the past with horror for the record of agonies and cruelties—but always with a certain nostalgia as well." He believed that to abolish class meant "abolishing a part of yourself."

Orwell's socialist ideas stemmed from his observations of the grinding poverty and hunger marches of the Depression and the brutality of oppressive regimes in Spain, Germany and the Soviet Union. Nevertheless, he never really understood the working people he fought for and wrote of their "cold, knobby faces, their bad teeth and gnawed muscles" with both cynicism and affection. He seemed to get down roots, yet he was always on the move. He was deeply influenced by strong women, yet tended to be contemptuous of them. He was a brilliant innocent and could purchase pretension and cast, yet he could not survive an alternative society except to briefly define it in decent and honorable. He called British author V.S. Pritchett, an Orwell contemporary, "I ordered him up to a point. It was hard to defeat him, because just when you had fixed on a view, he would contradict it."



Orwell still drew 1955 movie 1984: a scene of rebellion

Undeniably, Orwell was a political poet. His writings are among the bleakest ever uttered. "If you want a picture of the future," he wrote, "imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever." But he was by no means a man who hated life. Instead, he fought long disease from early childhood, a valiant rebel against his own frail body. "Do you think that one can die if one's got a book in one's mind that one wants to write?" He plaintively asked his friend, publisher David Aron, when he was struggling through the last pages of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. He longed to get

back to his roots. He was a political poet. His writings are among the bleakest ever uttered. "If you want a picture of the future," he wrote, "imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever." But he was by no means a man who hated life. Instead, he fought long disease from early childhood, a valiant rebel against his own frail body. "Do you think that one can die if one's got a book in one's mind that one wants to write?" He plaintively asked his friend, publisher David Aron, when he was struggling through the last pages of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. He longed to get

back to his writing—a great passion, which reached above all else in his life, as before his wife, Ellen. "Writing a book is a horrible, exhausting struggle," he once revealed in his essay "Why I Write" (1941). "One would never undertake such a thing if one were not driven by some demon whom one can neither resist nor understand."

Contemporaries recall vivid images of Orwell the writer: the solitary figure, his scrawny, long-jawed face shadowed by fatigue as he sat ramrod-straight at his typewriter, an ever-present cigarette, hand-rolled from seed tobacco, dangling loosely from his lips. He dressed with a certain shabbiness—"a mixture of starchy white and French workingman," according to another observer, "Tommy Ford"—and when described carefully wore his clothes as he lived. He was a gaunt and gummy man, a kind of John the Baptist figure who stalked through the backstreets of the English intelligentsia, leaving shattered pretensions strewn in his wake. Frankfurt once described him memorably: "Tall and bony, the face lined with pain, eyes that stared out of their caves, he looked far away over one's head, as if seeing more discomfort and more indignities."

He was born Eric Arthur Blair on June 25, 1904, in the Indian town of Motihari on the Ganges River. It was an age of comfort for people in his class—an era in which the Union Jack still flew over a brave colonial empire. His father, Richard Blair, a poor relative of the Earl of Westminster, was a civil servant in the British colonial service. Not long after Eric's birth, his mother, Ida—like all good Edwardian colonial mothers—took him and his older brother, Marjorie, back to England for proper schooling. They settled in the old river town of Henley-on-Thames, a favorite of the imperious gentry, and struggled into the middle country life of prewar England.

His father came home on occasional leaves and a sister, Avril, was born when Eric was five. Childhood friend Joachim Haddock never bore him as a happy, reckless child who adored the book, rolling countryside and delighted in the "buggy" possibility of faking and hunting. Orwell's own recollections are stark: a sad little boy without a father in the company of women. In "Why I Write," he recalled, "I had the lonely child's habit of making up games and holding conversations with imaginary persons, and I think from the very beginning my literary ambitions were mixed up with the feelings of being isolated and underprivileged."

Later in life, Orwell distanced his upbringing as "a sort of mound of human wreckage left behind when the tide of



Orwell (center) and childhood friends, and at Ellen's stately guesthouse



Orwell and Elton at Aragon Front in Spanish Civil War (1937): resistance



Victorian prosperity receded." His "shabby pretence" faintly poured most of its income into keeping up appearances, and, of course, there was never enough money. He was disgusted by the swaggering superiority with which the better classes regarded working people—"punctuated by bursts of vicious hatred"—although he came to those conclusions only after he reached adult life.

Both life, Cipriani's, a grammar prep school which he attended at reduced rates, and Elton, the leading English public school, devoted themselves to transforming English lads into stiff-upper-lipped gentlemen. In fact, it was universally acknowledged that "Eton makes the man for life," and Orwell was marked for life—although perhaps not as the school had intended. It was not a happy time, as he recalled, "I had no money, I was weak, I was ugly, I was unpopular. I was a chronic cough. I was cowardly. I wasn't, I was an unattractive boy."

By the time he won a scholarship to Eton in 1921, he was no longer the dullest student of St. Cipriani's. Undisputedly brilliant and already contrary, he was bored by the swarming pompousness and intellectual vertebrae of Eton and chose to learn only from professors whom he respected—novelists and critic Aldous Huxley among them. Rejected school when Sir John Gwynne? "I was a school rebel. Eric was first man in his class." He left Eton in 1922, joined the Imperial Indian Police and was dispatched to Burma. He stayed for five years and by the end of it he had developed a profound hatred for imperialism. "There is no outside," he wrote, "the British rule in India appears—indeed, it is—benevolent and even necessary. But it is not possible to be part of such a system without accepting it as unobjectionable practice." Night after night, he sat in "kipping barracks" clubs, listening to his Majesty's imperial agents telling the Indian people "poor little India."

There was no home for Orwell in Burma, yet when he returned to England he wrote two of the finest pieces of journalism of the 20th century. The first, *A Shogun* (1933), tells of the execution of a British, a story told on his way to the gallows who straggled aside to avoid a road puddle. Orwell explained: "It is curious, but all that moment, I had never realized what it means to destroy a healthy, conscious man. When I saw the grimacing ship I avoided the puddle, I saw the mystery, the unaccountable wrongness of cutting a life short when it is in full tide." In *Shooting*

an Elephant (1936), Orwell recounts how he was called upon to kill an animal that had run amok and trampled an Indian to death. "There was I," he wrote, "the white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd, seemingly the leading actor in the piece, but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of these yellow faces behind. I perceived at that moment that when the white man turns tyrant, it is his own freedom that he destroys."

By that time, Orwell was determined to be a writer. Burma had left him with a bad conscience and too many memo-

ried the first book by "George Orwell." It was his first step—by which "the essential second step of setting free" in the arduous process of escaping the rigidity of British culture.

Down and Out in Paris and London is a curious book. It is not a political tract and gives few hints of the transformation to come. Indeed, critics immediately dismissed it as being a genuine work of fiction. Orwell himself was not without hope—yet, for that matter, resources. But it was the notion of the equality of men and the discovery that the lower orders are not corrupt that led to his next masterpiece.

Then, his publisher, Gollancz, sent him to the north of England to write about the effects of unemployment on coal miners. With no clearly defined political views to guide or hinder him, Orwell produced a moving description of the numbing poverty, horrendous housing conditions and deficiencies of the dole in easting Yorkshire in *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937). The report, in that year, only three weeks long, helped to shape his political views for the rest of his life. It induced a complicated emotional response (as had Burma) of guilt and compensation for a lower class that he had been taught to despise. Still, Orwell was never able to find concrete alternatives to unjust systems. After all that, he was a journalist, a potent child of social responsibility to men, and his book was a ringing rebuke of both the English establishment and contemporary socialism. He left, he believed, was as ready to transcend the Right, and he softly wrote, "One sometimes gets the impression that the mere words 'socialism' and 'communism' draw toward them with magnetic force every fruit-gum drinker, mollusc, socialist-writer, sex maniac, Quaker, Water Cure' quack, pacifist, and feminist in England."



Orwell with mother in Italy. Kipling's portrait

ries of aging peasants he had bullied and servants and coolies he had purchased in moments of rage. Accordingly, he wrote, "I wanted to submerge myself, to get right down among the oppressed, to be one of them and on their side against the tyrants." For five years he had no regular job. He lived in Paris and London, accepting reportorial and financial—from his mother and aunt. He was estranged from his father, and the distance was one reason that he adopted a pseudonym for *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1933). He did not want to embarrass his family. "I rather despise George Orwell," he told his agent after hitting a few possibilities, and on Jan. 8, 1933, Victor Gollancz pub-

lished the book. Orwell's first experience of his life. In Spain the right-wing ferocity of Generalissimo Francisco Franco attacked the democratically elected leftist government. Orwell could not wait the call to fight fascism. His socialist beliefs confirmed his decision. He joined the militia. Every line of service work that I have written since 1935 has been, directly or indirectly, against totalitarianism and for democratic socialism as I understood it." He arrived in Barcelona to fight "the Workers' Party of Marxist Unification," a small socialist organization. In his passionate essay *Homage To Cat-*

SPECIAL REPORT

José (1988), he described the bright hopes of the Spanish revolution—the busy days in Barcelona when shopkeepers, barbers and vendors all breathed the "same air of equality."

But in many ways Orwell was still a political nut. It was one thing for a disillusioned young critic to read about corrupt politics in *The New Statesman* magazine or wander through the slums of Paris and London, and another to be in the Spanish trenches in 1937. Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy backed Franco, while Britain and the Soviet Union aided the Spanish Communists in return for losing the party line. The war on the Republican side tragically collapsed into guttural rivalry and hatred. Orwell, while recuperating from a bullet wound in the chest, learned that the Spanish Communists, abetted by the Soviet Union, had portrayed the Workers' party as a group of counterrevolutionaries and fascists. He developed a profound sense of revulsion and betrayal, and his hatred of racism and Stalinism endured. Eventually, his insight into political manipulation and propaganda would lead to *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

In a tale that he thought everyone could understand, Orwell exposed the Soviet myth. *Animal Farm* is a metaphor for the failure of the Russian revolution, and, since its publication in April, 1988, Orwell has been criticized for contributing to the Western failure to understand the Soviet Union. Still, *Animal Farm* is a brilliant satire of any corrupt dictatorship. The idea for the book came to him as he watched a boy whip a cart horse. "It struck me," he said, "that if only such animals became aware of their strength, we should have to power over them, and that man exploit animals is much the same way as the rich exploit the proletariat. I proceeded to analyze Marx's theory from the animal point of view." In his book, which made famous the slogan, "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others," the farm animals who overthrow farmer Jones are themselves subjugated by the crafty pigs. It was the first book to bring Orwell face and voice.

But once that success was mirrored, because a few months before *Animal Farm*'s release his wife died during an operation for uterine tumors. In 1936



Orwell in 1946: a need for work was to be found in his.

Orwell had married Eileen O'Shaughnessy, an Oxford graduate who was studying for an advanced degree in psychology, and for nearly a decade she devoted herself to his well-being. She once remarked to a friend that her brother would come from the ends of the earth if she sent him a telegram. "George wouldn't do that," she said simply. Reminded her friend Lydia Jack-

Spender's kind of a secular saint.



son "I was always sorry Eileen married George. She deserved someone who would support her. I think his work was all to him, human relationships just background." But Eileen Blair Orwell never complained, and shortly before her death the couple had adopted a baby boy, whom they named Richard, because Orwell always regretted being childless. Even in the end, Orwell was in Germany, and she died alone. His friend Stephen Spender remembered telling him how sorry he was and how much he had always liked Eileen. "Yes," replied Orwell. "She was a good old stick." He had an attitude, said Spender, that "he perceived was that of a working-class man to his wife."

Orwell had loved Eileen, but he needed someone to share his life. Over the next five years—as his health deteriorated and he found it "harder and harder to believe that spring would eventually come"—he proposed to four women and eventually married Sonia Brownell in late 1949, just before his death. To one of the women he wrote, "I think that I have another three worthwhile books in me, besides a lot of odds and ends, but I want peace and quiet, and someone to be fond of me." Of course, he had little time left. Orwell moved to the wind-swept island of Jura in the Swiss-Italian borderlands and completed *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. On Jan. 21, 1950, he died of pulmonary tuberculosis in London.

There was a sadness to Orwell's life—and to his work—as his friend Spender valued above all else "We accepted that Orwell had the authority, not in much of his rhetoric, but of his actual life lived," he explained. "He thought of him as a kind of secular saint." But perhaps it is safer to call George Orwell with the subtlety and reason of sainthood. He was a human man with vital political and secular concerns. He hated the power-bungary with passion, yet indulged himself in party machines and pleasures. He believed the future lay in the conscience of working people, yet scorned their need for "drums, flags and loyalty parades," and he searched tirelessly for the truth and ignored those who loved him along the way. Orwell dedicated his life to proving the resilience of the human spirit in his work. In so doing, the clarity and beauty of his prose taught his readers to love the English language. In the end, his weaknesses surely serve to hold a mirror to the weaknesses of mankind. ☐

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Grace: office building surveillance system, increasing signals that Canada may be drifting toward Orwell's world

SPECIAL REPORT

Privacy and the computer state

By Linda Diebel

Privacy was a very valuable thing
Everyone wanted a place where they
could be alone occasionally

—Winston Smith

For Winston Smith, the rebellious hero of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, there was no privacy. On the landing outside his grubby little flat hung a poster of an enormous face with eyes that followed him everywhere and a caption that read: "Big Brother is watching you." Inside, the telescreen with its never-sleeping eye transmitted his movements to the Thought Police. To evade the prying gaze he visited a shabby room over a junk shop to be alone with his lover, but there was no escaping Big Brother. One day an iron voice spoke to them from the wall of their sanctuary. There was a crash of broken glass, and a picture fell to the floor, uncovering the telescreen hidden behind it. It was, Winston knew, "unthinkable to disobey the iron voice from the wall."

Closely, George Orwell's vision remains largely unfulfilled. As James Rife, a State University of New York sociologist and respected Orwell scholar, recently wrote in an essay in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, "Contrary to Orwell's gloomy anticipation, the Western democracies have not abandoned their institutions to imitate Nazi Germany or Stalin's U.S.S.R." Still, some of the most respected legal and technical experts in the Western world warn that privacy and freedom are threatened by the ever-expanding capabilities of a device that Orwell did not live to see: the computer. Today, documented cases of computer abuse have been rampant—certainly none at the hands of a Big Brother—but concern is growing about the potential for widespread, centralized abuse of the information stored in thousands of computer data banks.

In 1984 government and big business will continue to collect, store and distribute details about the private lives of millions of citizens on the world's multiplying networks of computers. There are few effective controls on how

that information is used. Explained Great Blackwood, counsel to the University of Alberta's Institute of Law Research and Reform: "Facts by themselves mean little, but the ability to tie enormous numbers of facts together—the marriage of data files and the computer—in the course of the game of power." For his part, John Grace, the newly appointed federal privacy commissioner, cautions that, so far, Canadians are "technophobes," largely ignorant of the extent and power of computers.

There is privacy legislation on the books. The federal Privacy Act of 1982 supplanted and strengthened privacy provisions in the Canadian Human Rights Act of 1977 and increased the privacy commissioner's powers to investigate privacy complaints by citizens against the federal government and to monitor government data banks. The new act regulates the collection, retention, protection, disclosure and disposal of personal information by the federal government. But it does not apply to the private sector.

Quebec is the only provincial government that has introduced public sector



data protection. Law 65, passed in June 1982, established an independent supervisory commission to oversee the protection of privacy in the public sector. But other existing provincial privacy acts in British Columbia (1980), Manitoba (1979) and Saskatchewan (1974) are, according to David Flaherty, a University of Western Ontario history and law professor, "relatively unused and unusable, and would be of no assistance in responding to challenges posed by the new information technology because of their limited scope."

Furthermore, Canadians, unlike Americans, have no constitutional right to privacy. Indeed, in 1980 the joint committee on the Constitution delivered an advisory report to the Commission providing for "freedom from unreasonable interference with privacy, family, home and correspondence." Said Flaherty: "It remains symbolic of the legal status of privacy in Canada that a right to personal privacy was not included in the charter in the first place."

The existence of a modern grid of information banks not only threatens privacy—historically a tenet of liberal democratic society—but it raises disturbing questions about who has access to personal information and why, and who should govern its use in both the public and private sectors. In his seminal 1967 book, *Privacy and Freedom*, Columbia University law professor and privacy theorist Alan Westin said that privacy is the right of individuals to "determine for themselves when, how and to what extent information about them is to be communicated to others." However, Flaherty, who has studied privacy issues in Canada for the past two decades, believes that Canadians have already lost control over who has access to the most intimate details of their private lives. He argues that while there is minimal public sector protection of privacy in Canada, there is nothing governing the private sector's use of its massive banks of information. Said Flaherty: "At least privacy protection issues are still manageable. But if we do not come to grips with them, then the kind of world that Orwell predicted in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* will come true by 1984."

The scope of the problem is enormous. The federal government alone has more than 1,500 centralized data banks, corresponding with the details of the day-to-day lives of Canadians. Computers record the passage of people from birth until death, storing a legacy of indelible "electronic tracks"—whether the information is accurate or not. But there is growing evidence to indicate that Canadians are becoming increasingly aware that the most salable details of their lives are being traded. In 1982 a poll by Bell Canada on public attitudes to new

SPECIAL REPORT

computer technology showed that 66 per cent of 2,000 people polled regarded invasion of privacy as their number 1 concern. Another poll, which Flaherty conducted for the Ontario department of communications last year, revealed that 84 per cent of participants felt that storage of personal information on computers poses a danger to personal privacy. Indeed, there are increasing signs that their fears are justified and that Canadians may be drifting toward Orwell's world.

• In late 1983 Revenue Canada demanded complete access to selected municipal data banks in order, as the agency explained, to search for individual and corporate tax evaders. Consequently, former Mayor Joe Clark accused Revenue Canada of "letting up

a massive detective agency" merely to go after a tax evader. Clark warned that this practice would allow the powerful ministry "access to literally any information that any citizen has given any agency at any point in his life."

• In 1981 Alberta Supreme Court Justice David McRobb ruled that recording into the affairs of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police argued strict control as files that the force had opened on 880,000 Canadians during the past two decades. Solicitor General Robert Kaplan promised to have the computerized files destroyed, but to date he has not announced a ministry decision.

• In 1980 two Ontario royal commissions concluded that there was no consistent policy to protect personal information in the province's 117 data banks. More than 30,000 ministry employees with ministry identity cards can now file containing personal information, according to the Williams Commission on Freedom of Information and Individual Privacy. For its part, the Krieger Commission on the Confidentiality of Health Records pointed out that the latter routinely receives confidential medical data from provincial health insurance offices and that doctors and hospital employees frequently allow private investigators access to personal medical files. Both commissions recommended privacy protective legislation. Despite a number of guarantees, legislation is still pending.

Few critics fear that the threat to Canadian privacy comes from some malevolent Big Brother. But Quebec civil law scholar Denis John MacCormac, for one, who was research director for the Williams commission, warns against governments' insatiable hunger for efficiency and the consequences of a new age of nonchalant. MacCormac: "We are not there yet but we are sliding down that slippery slope toward *Nineteen Eighty-Four*." Courtesy to some European countries, notably Sweden, France and West Germany, Canada lacks comprehensive legal protection for the gathering, storage and distribution of data. Even the powers of Privacy Commissioner Guen, appointed on June 8, 1983, depend on moral suasion and the public impact of his annual reports. Guen admitted that it is still too early to determine the extent of his influence.

For more than a decade, Canadian taxpayers have paid for federal reports

on the advisability of allowing personal and business data to flow freely to government. National Bureau of Statistics (NBIS) is to date the largest (and most irrelevant) to date that learns from one computer terminal to the next. During the Krieger commission sessions, investigators learned that health data on Ontario citizens is routinely stored in the data banks of Kodak Inc., an Atlanta private investigation company which specializes in preparing reports on pro-



Flaherty: "It remains symbolic of the legal status of privacy."

spective employees and running credit checks. However, two key questions remain unanswered: should Canadian data, much of it collected by U.S. branch plant corporations, move so freely to foreign countries? And how can Canada maintain its sovereignty when the law does not cover data on Canadians that is stored abroad?

Other countries have recognized the dangers. In 1973 the Swedish government passed tough privacy protection legislation and set up the Data Inspection Board, which monitors personal information that both government and business collect. The Data Inspection Board and abroad. Board President Jan Frenne has the power to curtail the dissemination of data that he believes to be intrusive. In Canada there is no legislation pending to protect personal information distributed abroad by either the corporate or public sector. In

1979 a federal committee chaired by John V. Clynne, former chairman of IBM-Millican, studied the implications of telecommunications for Canadian society and then outlined the hazards in a report: "Of all the technologies developing so rapidly today, that of information (computer communications) poses possibly the most dangerous threat to Canadian sovereignty."

Wastawa's Flaherty believes that

use as an experimental barn in Victoria, Vancouver, Toronto, Ottawa and Kingston. But Flaherty, who recently completed a study on two-way systems in Canada, "Organizations such as the CBC would find it too costly to make the answer to the two-way problem of making surveillance of an entire population manageable."

Computers may also be fulfilling Orwell's vision in less dramatic ways. Already, critics charge that social relations and human value systems are being changed. An Orwellian future is being shaped. Board President Frenne told Maclean's, "If Orwell rose from his grave tomorrow, he would be astounded at the sophisticated methods we have developed for watching each other."

Even if the primary collection of data proceeds in an ethical manner, computer "hackers" have demonstrated the ease with which criminals and vandals can gain access to confidential data. In 1982 officials at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York ended the investigation when they discovered that a group of young hackers, using home computers, had shared computerized patient files containing radiation treatment information. Increasing reports of computer break-ins by hackers and the apparent lack of technology to prevent computer theft have challenged traditional codes of right and wrong. Robert Johnson, a computer expert with the Alberta department of public works, pointed out that "To many people it is not a sin to crash a computer—it is just another level of challenge." Federal Justice Minister Mark MacCormac announced proposed legislation governing computer crime last summer, but there is still no indication of when it will be enacted.

As the debate about the harmful potential of intrusive technology intensifies, it is becoming clear that technological developments are outstripping the ability of both the public and government to keep pace. What Orwell did not consider, privacy expert Leila Schabas, is that technology would develop on its own without the "spirit of totalitarian intent." He adds, "The only absolute safety lies in slowing the development of systems that concentrate potentially valuable information." But for all practical purposes, these systems are already in place. What is needed now, suggested Douglass MacCormac, is to set privacy codes for both government and business

and to minimize the amount of personal data collected about people in the first place.

Still, information consultant Thomas Riley, an adviser to Canadian governments on privacy, warns that those who police our data systems could themselves turn into thought police. He declared, "The new technology are beyond the grasp of most people, so they absolve themselves of responsibility. That could be our downfall." George Orwell would have agreed. After *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was published, he summed up his book, "The moral to be drawn from this dangerous nightmare situation is a simple one: 'Don't let it happen. It depends on you.'"

With Mark Butler in Vancouver, Denis John MacCormac in Calgary, Carol Kennedy in London and Christopher Moss in Stockholm.

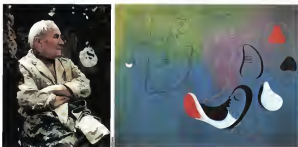
MacCormac avoiding the slippery slope



MacCormac

Flaherty: "The spirit of totalitarian intent"





Miró in 1979 and Painting (1933), always with the mythology, hallucinations and caprice that flooded his imagination

ART

The unlabelled legacy of Joan Miró

By Shenna McKay

Joan Miró's boyhood years in Barcelona provided no clue to his future greatness. He was the despair of his teachers and the love of his parents. A 1900 report card described the seven-year-old as "a very poor student, silent and neither taciturn and demure." His parents finally enrolled him, at 14, in a drawing class, where Miró was doubly frustrated to discover that he could not distinguish between a straight line and a curved one. For all that, when Miró died of heart disease at his home in Majorca last week at the age of 90, there was no doubt that he was one of the greatest Spanish painters of the 20th century and one of the central forces in the history of modern art.

Although Miró defied the label of surrealist, the chance Miró style emerged after his break with the movement in the late 1930s. In the background wash of subtle but bold blue and greens of *Painting* (1930), the aspects of his art that would preoccupy him for the rest of his life were already firmly established. In an airy scene, Miró used organic black lines to define transparent and opaque forms that always seem to verge on, but never quite reach, a recognizable object. Through comments and repetition of color, shape and mood, the disjointed parts of *Painting* flow into a lyrical whole.

Miró's mature style grew out of the

eclectic path he trod as a young artist. His early works, such as *The Church, Oliva* (1917), pay homage to both Cézanne and Van Gogh. That same painting is also an early example of Miró's lifelong fascination with the Dalí-like contortions of the real. In 1918, at the age of 28, Miró travelled to Paris, where he naturally gravitated toward his fellow countryman Pablo Picasso and the tenets of cubism. But it was the Futurist movement of the mid-1920s that made the profound mark on Miró's artistic development.

The Surrealist Manifesto, written by the French poet André Breton in 1924 and endorsed by Miró, Salvador Dalí, Joan Miró, Paul Klee and Yves Tanguy, all of whom would achieve world renown, called for the resolution of dream and reality into an "absolute reality, a surrealism." Miró's *Carnaval of Barcelona* (1924-5) manifested the artist's identification with the group. Unfettered by the perceived or the pictorial world, the shapes in *Carnaval* float whimsically across a two-toned brown background. *Carnaval* marked the beginning of Miró's mature style, in which he experimented with color, line and form—and always with the mythology, hallucinations and caprice that flooded his imagination.

Although Miró exhibited with the surrealists in their first group show in Paris in 1925 and his work continued to

be associated with the movement throughout his life, he professed no allegiance to any one group or style. The relative Miró even set his self aside from the spotlight that illuminated his former countrymen and contemporaries, Picasso and Dalí. Said Miró: "I feel completely free, without any label. To say so I am not. Joan Miró is Joan Miró." His work became a testament to that belief. Always in search of the unexplored, both within himself and in his work, Miró explored various art forms, including pottery, metals, sculpture, collage and stage design. Even the titles he chose for his art were individualistic. A lover of poetry and "the plastic role of the word," Miró felt entirely at home in such a verbal jungle as *The Lord's Wings* (1924) and *Golden Blue Spots* (1925).

Increasingly, for a man who wished to step outside the mainstream of art, Miró became one of the most important influences on modernist art. That was particularly true in the United States. The paintings of Jackson Pollock and André Gorky and the mobiles of Alexander Calder owe a fundamental debt to Miró's particular vision. But Miró, quietly living out the last 20 years of his life in his villa in Majorca, remained an unassuming figure. Declared the man who gave a name to the world of 20th-century art, "I have invented nothing." ♦

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New programs for the thinking child



Switchback host Stan Johnson and Johnny Street's Stacie Whitely and Sarah Charlesworth

By Patricia Hluchy

Amid the stock, one-dimensional children who abound in television drama, a character like Al Benson is a welcome figure. The adolescent hero of *R.W.*, a CBC miniseries scheduled to appear on Jan. 12, Al is neither playing angel nor incurable misfit, the two prevailing stereotypes of young people on TV. Like real children, he is a little of both. A gifted, deceptively mature 18-year-old, Al has just skipped two grades and is panicking about his abrupt expulsion from childhood. Sensitively played by a wry, satirical Christopher Gartin, Al spends his days huddles in the rafters of the family garage, tinkering with electronics instead of facing the new pressures of the "R.W."—the real world.

With Al and a host of other full-blooded young characters, CBC Television has itself plunged into the real world of children and their growing pains. In recent years the network and a growing number of independent producers have created a new breed of realistic, quality drama aimed at children between 6 and 14, an audience that television has largely neglected in re-

cent years. This week the CBC launches two such dramatic series, both of them reproductions with independent film houses. *Sons and Daughters* is a series of six half-hour dramas—including *R.W.*—premiering on Jan. 5. Another precursor is *The Edison Twins*, an adventure series which debuts on Jan. 3. The two shows join *Just Down the Street*, a weekly series of realistic mini-dramas now in its second season. As well, several non-dramatic shows have fueled the boom in programming that

responds to children's sensibilities. Among these is CBC's three-year-old, *Switchback*, a regularly produced variety magazine already appearing in Halifax, Vancouver and Winnipeg, which premieres in Calgary and Regina on Jan. 5 and 26 respectively.

All of these programs, particularly the dramas, are antithetical to the traditional after-school fare of cartoons, soap operas and reruns of adult shows. Industry observers say that the new wave in children's drama is partly a response to the fact that, by school age, most children have started watching adult shows and are too sophisticated for the traditional children's program. Moreover, nationally known in the television spectrum to children are so accurate reflections of their own experiences. Said Mada Harcourt, head of CBC's children's department: "TV has not really dealt with kids in a three-dimensional dramatic way."

That failure of television to portray children realistically has haunted Harcourt, the most significant figure in the recent genre, since she began working in children's television at the CBC seven years ago, first as producing dramas that, she said, "really put a child foremost." Harcourt contemplated a series of dramas with the strong, young characters and youthful sensitivity of such films as *Les bonshommes et le 7*, *The Extra-Terrestrial*. But the three producers who constitute Atlantic Films Ltd. in Toronto had their own plans for making quality drama for children. Having already produced *The Edison Twins*, an award-winning, half-hour children's drama based on Margaret Laurence's story, in 1986, Michael MacMillan, Sean McLean and Jackie Platt were anxious to do a series based on literary works for children. The Atlantic collaboration with Harcourt yielded *Sons and Daughters*, a series of lush, evocative dramas that express an amazing wealth of wisdom and characterizations into 30 minutes.

Adapted from *R.W.*, based on an original screenplay by Jack Ryan, Stephen Cole and Paul



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Kelly's not Green: a slip of a girl with an outside of peas and a backbone of a bit of

A tent full of sweetness

CHAUTAUQUA GIRL
C/O, Jan. 4

The farmers who settled Western Canada faced a backbreaking life as they carved outswarms from the raw soil. Still, they managed to leave behind traditions more enlightening than agriculture. In the 20th century's first decades, a Methodist touring show based on the shore of Lake Chautauque, N.Y., brought spellbinding artistry, musical ensembles and theatrical tropes to culturally impoverished towns throughout North America. Chautauque Girl beautifully recaptures that spirit, and does not embed the past.

In the opening scene of the two-hour film, two Maxima men in the back of the local bank of the fictional Alberta town of Fairville. The next morning, beleaguered farmers, whose crops have failed miserably, gather for a possible run on the bank. The hardheaded settlers, in 1901, blame the province's Liberal government for their woes and look for their salvation in the new United Farmers of Alberta (UFA).

On the more fearful day, young, fragile-looking Sally Driedge (Deany-Lane Green) arrives to organize Fairville's first Chautauque festival. But she meets army indifference from businessmen and women's clubs who see violin music and playacting as luxurious frolic.

But that slip of an interlocking girl has a backbone of steel and as unyielding passion. Green sashas charmingly inside the prototype of a liberated woman whose voice was unchained across the expanse of the West. Her first spirit

slowly wins over a shy widower (Dorothy Kelly) who is the riding's candidate for the UFA, which soon forms the government.

The film summons up the life and landscape of the poor but resolute farmers with a loving authenticity. Cinematographer Vic Swin varieties the spectacle by shooting in shades of natural amber. And writer-producer Jeanine Locke (*You've Got a Long Way, Kase*) provides a sweet-tart story that does not resort to contrivance or cynicism. She lets events unfold plausibly—with the exception of a providential accident near the climax—and gives Sally the craftiness and speak to rouse the Chautauque tent against heavy odds. Set's one drawback: "It's the women who get things done in the West."

Bally proves the worth of the man in the festival itself, which shines as the finale of Chautauque Girl. Weather-beaten stage glow gives the forgotten ideals as the Treble Clef City waltzes. Alice Blue Goes and a hard speaker enchants the audience with tales from Baghdad. The film is not entirely reverent toward the Chautauque festival, and some of the sets pale far at the bottom of a used to late police into the tent. But when Sally, in an impulsive gesture, transports a bit of the festival to the farm of an unruly Bentman, the moment is unashamedly joyous.

One once widely spread Chautauque movement has now vanished everywhere except where it began, on the shore of Lake Chautauque in southwestern New York. Chautauque Girl brings back the full bloom of its ebullient youth.

—SIL MACVIGAN

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John Mulroney or Brian Turner?



By Douglas Fisher

One afternoon just before Christmas I had several encounters which turned on leadership just off the BELL in the street. I met a U of T associate whom I had not seen in 30 years. He had gone into External Affairs, had become an ambassador. In Ottawa shop talk he had a good reputation for his grasp of European affairs in his role stepping-up he told me that he had retired. His pleasures were in philosophy—studying Heidegger, Kierkegaard, and the foreign service. Yes, yes, it was good to be free of it, I said. “Even at this time?” He looked puzzled. I said, “The peace pilgrimage and all that.” Oh, that. He shook his head, and the corners of his mouth went down in a grimace of dismissal. Why? I thought a foreign affairs buff would be excited by the initiative.

“Come on,” he said. “As a journalist you ought to know the department. In it does it has three ministers; it’s loaded with trade, and the Prime Minister’s Office keeps interfering with schemes. That the young side, a country of our scale must work hard and consistently in the external world to be taken seriously. We’ve been bobbing around with the various enthusiasms of the Prime Minister. Dilettantish, pseudo-intellectual, and arrogant. I hate the man who follows him, known we have to earn again the substance Canada once had.”

I left the door closed for a nearby exit, there jumping like not one but two former deputy ministers. I thought it was borderline time. What’s not our legacy they had left their successors. To my surprise, they were not for jolting. There tumbled out a “clash and new” of the deficit, the Canadian dollar, the unemployment percentages, trade balances, then, just as with them, they pushed on to what may be or should be. There had been so many years of structure thinking and stupid spending.

Their reverence was lifting. They dived at economy in shambles Jack Austin and Winston Stange, even, talking Crown corporations as a “leading edge.” For God’s sake!

Our auto industry in a poor way. Of all things, our bellwether, formerly, being proud of the U 8 and European markets. Trudeau, a persistent nicker for nationalism, and Pittfield, Curtis and Awerchuk have played in this frenzy.

Alfonso Portier is on vacation.

Everywhere “mugs” resign on resigns. Central agencies—abandoning. Turfdom will lead. Functions, responsibility. The PMO an interfering nuisance. Ministers watching their backs. Their deputies looking over and up to the PM and the PMO, fearing the next fashion in structure and slow change. And on and on. This gift of BELL was wasted. Said the more disservice of the two “I shoulder for my country.”

I wanted to know who has been saying such things, clearly and with force. Beyond the auditor general. “Did you speak out . . . before or after you quit?” You say more than those that most now we’ve been misled. Has any top mandarin resigned over principle or issue? Or spoken out emphatically after resignation?

They watched a bit at my tone. Their private sector came either precludes open, shut-mouth talks.

“It’s the media’s job,” said one. “It

‘We’ve been bobbing around with the Prime Minister’s enthusiasms. Dilettantish, pseudo-intellectual, arrogant’

hasn’t been done well. The country may be fed up with Trudeau but I’m afraid most Canadians don’t appreciate how busy his government has been.”

Surely it’s never too late to say so. Couldn’t the two of you speak out?

“Well, what about you?” Got after it. You’re not as forceful and hard as you used to be. And you’ve got the vehicle.”

I asked them if they thought the next prime minister would be any better.

“You mean, John or Brian?” “Either should be much better. Both are, real guys.” Which was their preference? One said, “Turner’s more experienced, perhaps a shade sharper. But Brian could be much better in handling people—ministers, the masses.” The other said, “We know them both well. President Mac. Mulroney would have the cleaner slate to write on.”

I left the co-mandamus for an appointment with a presiding politician. What would he want? He wanted suggestions for “writers” and “experts” to work for a candidate in the Liberal leadership race. Don’t let me what race or why or when. We’ll only argue. There’s some money and people and

power. I know you turned up a couple of good writers 30 years ago.

And so we brooded for a while on the scarcity of speech writers and authoritarians-declines. How do you shake them loose for such chances? The quality case is always in demand. I couldn’t contribute much so I got up to go. He had people waiting. I had to say it. Look, John Turner’s the choice, if he wants it. Why go against a stacked deck?

“You, he’s likely to win. He’s the way we’re in the race. We’re going to take a run at him. You can see why. Surely? Ray Street? Big shot! Some of an aim drive on more decisions, more just about the great leader. We can take it to him on policy, on issues, on how the party and the government and the House should be run. Must we all about ourselves and let Turner run?” To hell with that. We’ll kick him out. Our party doesn’t need a Mulroney clone.”

I mulled untenability. I had been aware he was fed up with the Great Man syndrome of his party. Had he ever said it publicly? No caucus looks had ever fingered him for taking to task the Prime Minister. Weren’t that the overwhelming marvel of the Liberal party? Utter loyalty to the leader? Why hadn’t he spoken out? He had a safe one.

He looked at me. “You know damned well why. It isn’t done. It’s . . . it’s almost impossible. Ronald Harpelle, Emerson and Richardson? Or Perry Ryan and Ray Cook?”

But how were we to know? Or the public? You’ve never talked up the trimming of the leader’s powers or shifting power back toward the ministry or the cabinet or the House. Only a few random shots at door squeakers like Duvey and Centre. Why not?

A long pause. “Solidarity, I guess. You got into the habit of deferring. You know the guy at the top has as much on his mind as the media, the leader’s all important. And he gets away on you. Also, I used to approach. Almost impossible to criticize. At least in our party.” He was glibly saying again. “God, the idea of more years of leader worship makes me sick. It’s unhealthy. With either Turner or Mulroney can’t you just see more of it? Light Deferring to Ray Ryan. No, we’re going to teach the great leader lesson.”

Thinking indeed? Yet how many of us realize it? How many of us will remember it?

Douglas Fisher is a syndicated columnist for The Toronto Star in Ontario.

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